Vol. CXLIV. No. 1877.

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THE BYSTANDER December 6, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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Charities to Remember at Christmas

Now that Christmas is almost upon us, it is well to remember that, while we join forces to suppress "evil things" abroad, there are still many evil things at home that do not abate with the arrival of war. There is still, and perhaps more so, want and cruelty, hunger and exposure, among our own people. With this in mind, we urge generous charity at Christmas as one way of palliating the evils of the present social system, and mention four causes in particular:—

The N.S.P.C.C.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will continue to function just as long as its services are necessary and its work continues to appeal to the head and heart of the public. This work affects the welfare of more than 100,000 British children every year. The society has never claimed that all its cases consist of children who have been brutally treated. The chief word in its title is "Prevention," and the prevention of cruelty through neglect is the Society's major function. It has, to make its aim clear, added to its title another: the National Society for the Protection and Care of Children.

Already it has undertaken a countless number of enquiries respecting evacuated children, and the way it has dealt with this matter has evoked the admiration of local authorities everywhere. In the last war, the Society was the recipient of the thanks of those in control of the armed forces for what it did for the children of the men who were serving. It will do similar work again.

The Waifs and Strays Society

FIVE THOUSAND empty stockings in a row might daunt even the most zealous Father Christmas, yet the Waifs and Strays Society will have just on this number to fill on Christmas morning. Among its family are many children whose fathers are on active service, while at all its Boys' Homes there will be special remembrance on Christmas Day for those from the Home who are now serving their country. The Society has just on 500 "old boys" with H.M. Forces, and hundreds more are in the Mercantile Marine, facing daily the constant dangers now attendant on bringing home the country's food. An old "Waif" boy was among those who went down on the "Royal Oak."

The Society has over 100 Homes in safe and neutral areas in different parts of the country, and many of the children are boarded out. At the outbreak of war, the Society evacuated more than 1000 of its children from danger zones. The Homes include special ones for babies, toddlers and problem children, as well as hospitals for cripples, convalescent homes, and training centres where boys and girls are taught

A Happier CHRISTMAS for 120,000 Children!

MORE than 120,000 children are happier each year because of the intervention of the N.S.P.C.C. Homes where ignorance, discord and even heartlessness prevail are being transformed by love and understanding counsel. . .

The war has brought the Society new work for the 1,000,000 evacuated children: disclosures of wrongful conditions call for promt action if harm to the children is to be avoided. At the Season of the Feast of the Child please help these less fortunate children by your gifts to the

N.S.P.C.C.
NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN

Address to: Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation

Offices: HANOVER HOUSE, 73-78, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Telephone: **Chancery 8548 (2 lines).** **Robert H. Lucas,** *Secretary.*

This great and useful Institution is now in pressing need of funds, in order that its assistance may be spread over as large a number of beneficiaries as possible. The extent of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that it distributes no less than £51,000 a year amongst over 2000 recipients, aged printers and widows, orphan children and almshouse residents. At the recent election over 500 necessitous candidates, both men and women, sought its help, all of them deserving because during their working life they subscribed to the funds, a principle of thrift which should commend the work to the generous consideration of everyone who believes in helping those who help themselves. No eligible orphan of a subscribing Printer has ever been refused assistance.

500 Guineas creates a pension which can be named after the donor, a most suitable method of perpetuating a name or a memory.

Contributions gratefully received and further information gladly given by the Secretary

Christmas

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS will remain despite the War, and there will be celebrations, though not in every home.

THE CHURCH ARMY is planning to carry the Spirit of Christmas into the little homes of lonely old people and gentlewomen in distress and into the homes of the very poor as well.

It may not be possible to distribute Christmas Parcels on quite the same wholesale scale as before, but the Church Army is determined to do all it can.

Our Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen claim a large share of our attention to-day. There are Recreation Huts, Canteens and other Centres to be maintained and new ones to be erected and opened. The Christmas Spirit must not be lacking in our efforts for these brave men.

WE CANNOT CARRY ON ANY OF THIS WORK WITHOUT YOUR HELP.

Will you then, in the Spirit of Christmas, give something to help?

Please send a gift to Preb Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

The Bystander, December 6, 1939 No. 1877. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

Dorothy Lamour Goes Chinese

Dorothy Lamour is the lovely American girl who has, in a mild, Hayes-convention sort of way, exposed herself in furs, skins, sarongs, and jungle bric-à-brac in a number of Hollywood primevals (*Hurricane*, the Tarzan films, and so on). Now, in *Disputed Passage* at the Plaza, she is almost entirely covered in the discreet neck-to-ankles robe of a Chinese girl. The film is an adaptation of Lloyd C. Douglas's novel, alternates between a mid-Western university and the plains of central China (on one occasion when someone in the latter is ill, a doctor " rushes " to him from the former, the synopsis tells us). It shows Miss Lamour as a missionary's daughter adopted by Chinese, John Howard as her medical-student lover, Akim Tamiroff as a science-warped professor, was directed by Frank Borzage. But do not despair of the Lamour shoulders and thighs : they will once more come to light, decked in a sarong, in Paramount's latest, *Typhoon*, already showing in America

· PEOPLE

Five Guests at an Airman's Wedding

The Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, Squadron-Leader Brian Thynne, Flight-Lieut. Rhodes-Moorhouse, Flight-Lieut. Henry Cavendish and the Hon. Max Aitken were all at the Paul Foley—Cecilia Seddon wedding (picture on page 301). Squadron-Leader Thynne was the best man. The reception was at the Eaton Square house of Mrs. Foley, the bridegroom's mother. Mrs. Montagu's husband, like her brother, Max Aitken, was a pre-war Flying-Officer in the A.A.F.

W. Dennis Moss

Scottish Christening in Gloucestershire

Captain and Mrs. Jack McLeod's twin son and daughter, David John Noel and Carolyn Margery Hamilton, were christened recently at Miserden Church, Glos. Captain McLeod is in the Camerons, is the son of Duncan McLeod of Skeabost, Isle of Skye. His wife was Theodora Wills, is the daughter of Mrs. Noel Wills, of Miserden Park, Stroud, is herself half-Scottish

Married—A Polo Player and a Tennis Champion

Aidan Roark and Helen Wills Moody were married a month ago in California. Aidan Roark, the former British polo player, is now an American citizen, and works at a Hollywood film studio; his first marriage (to Mrs. Esther Moore) was dissolved last January. Mrs. Roark divorced her first husband, a San Francisco stockbroker, in 1937, after eight years' marriage. Her last Wimbledon was in 1938, when she became champion for the eighth time. She has also been American champion seven times

Hollywood to the R.A.F.

David Niven, an English ex-officer who has made his way into Holly wood's most sacred groves, walked out on a five-year contract wit Sam Goldwyn to come and join the R.A.F. "If I'd stayed back ther in California and there had been big British casualties, it would hav been tricky for me," he explained, adding he hoped they wouldn' send him back to put across propaganda, like poilu Charles Boyer Here, acting host at a reception given for him at the Odeon Cinem

Lloyds See the Los Angeles Opera Open

At the first night of the San Francisco opera season at Los Angeles was a family party from Hollywood—the Harold Lloyds, the actor and his wife here flanking their daughters Gloria (black cloak) and Peggy. They heard Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett in "Rigoletto"

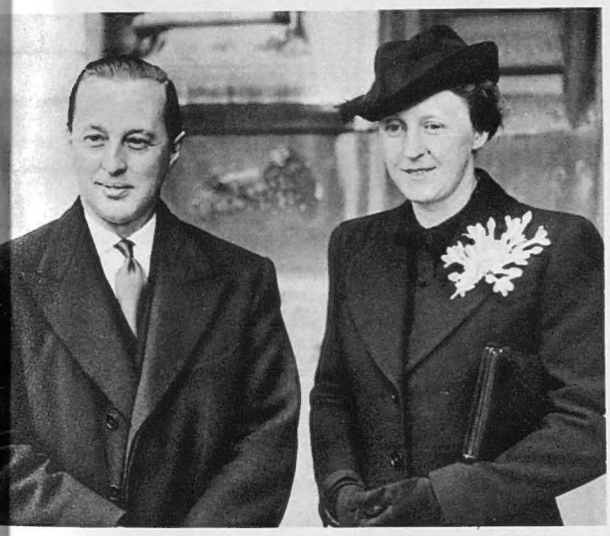
Leg Department

Flashing across world cables came the news that the Physical Culture Foundation of Hollywood had presented its cup for "the best legs in town" to the above pair, owned by Virginia Gilmore, twenty-one-year-old "discovery." Marlene Dietrich's famous legs were fourth

Still the Toast of New York

Though Brenda Diana Duff Frazier came out with a bang a year ago, she is still often prevented by the muzzle of a camera from getting out of her car when the door is opened. This young socialite is the daughter of Mrs. Frederic Watriss, granddaughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor, of Montreal and London

Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra of Kent, evacuated somewhere in the West Country, got a flying visit from their parents last week. This family picture was the result. The Duke and Duchess of Kent had both been in Scotland together, she visiting various institutions, he on service with the Navy; it was his first leave



A Canadian M.P. Takes His Seat

W. Garfield Weston, M.P., took his seat last week, and his wife went to the House with him. He was returned unopposed as a National Conservative for Macclesfield, succeeding J. R. Remer who retired through ill-health. He is Canadian, has lived over here for six years, is the head of bakery-chains in England, Canada, U.S.A.

Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery moved the Address to the Throne after the King (who also wore Admiral of the Fleet's uniform) had opened the new Session of Parliament. Another sailor, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, bore the Imperial Crown, and a soldier, Field-Marshal Lord Milne, was the seconder. Lady Cork was with her husband, who is C.-in-C., Portsmouth

The King and the Hero of an Air Battle

Sq.-Leader P. H. Barwell, here being presented to the King during His Majesty's recent tour of R.A.F. stations, was one of the three recipients of the D.F.C. last week. He led a flight of six aircraft over the North Sea to engage nine German bombers approaching a convoy; six or possibly seven enemy 'planes were destroyed. The Air Ministry stated: "The success of the engagement was very largely due to the high standard of gallantry and leadership displayed by Sq. Leader Barwell." Fl.-Lt. Gifford and Fl.-Lt. Pinkerton were the other two recipients of the D.F.C.

New Appointments: a Soldier and a Sailor

Major-General Freyberg, V.C., has been appointed to command the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. In the last war he was wounded nine times, and besides the V.C. has the D.S.O. and two bars, and six mentions in dispatches. He was born in London but educated in New Zealand

Vice-Admiral Guy C. C. Royle, C.B., C.M.G., succeeded Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay last month as Chief of Naval Air Services, with a seat on the Board of Admiralty. Fifty-four, he has been in the Navy since he was fourteen. Mr. Macdonell comments on the appointment on this page

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Russian assassination of Finland has begun. In the teeth of America's offer to mediate, Soviet aeroplanes immediately bombed Helsingfors. A small, straightforward, honest, hard-working, quiet little Republic may be murdered, just like Czechoslovakia, because it only wanted freedom and independence. As the grim events succeed each other, Czechoslovakia to Austria, Poland to Czechoslovakia, the Simon Bolivar to the Athenia, atrocity to atrocity, so it stands out more and more clearly that the British Empire and France alone stand between civilisation and the uttermost abomination of desolation.

THE kidnapping of the English officers at Venlo is an extraordinary affair, and the truth about it will not be heard for many a long day. What was the secret mission that took the two men to the Dutch-German frontier? Who were the "Peace Emissaries" they were supposed to be meeting? Under whose auspices were they there at all? How did the Gestapo know that they were to be on the frontier at that moment? What was the Dutch officer doing in their car? The whole thing is, to say the least of it, fishy.

OF all the jobs of this war which seem to be pretty unpleasant, I think the hunting of the Deutschland in Arctic waters must be about the worst. The weather at this time of year is always tempestuous, and there are only a few hours of daylight each day. The Deutschland is fast and heavily armed, and the destroyers and cruisers engaged in the hunt might at any moment find themselves within a few yards of this powerful little ship. Whatever may be said about German naval methods, no one can deny the amazing skill of their naval architects.

IT is, of course, a tradition of the British Navy to do everything in its power to rescue enemy sailors who may find themselves in danger. But it is difficult not to wish that the German crews, who voluntarily scuttle their ships and voluntarily take to the boats, should just be allowed to go on rowing themselves home. After all, it is by their own free will that they prefer a lifeboat to a big ship, and I, for one, would like to see them left to do what they want.

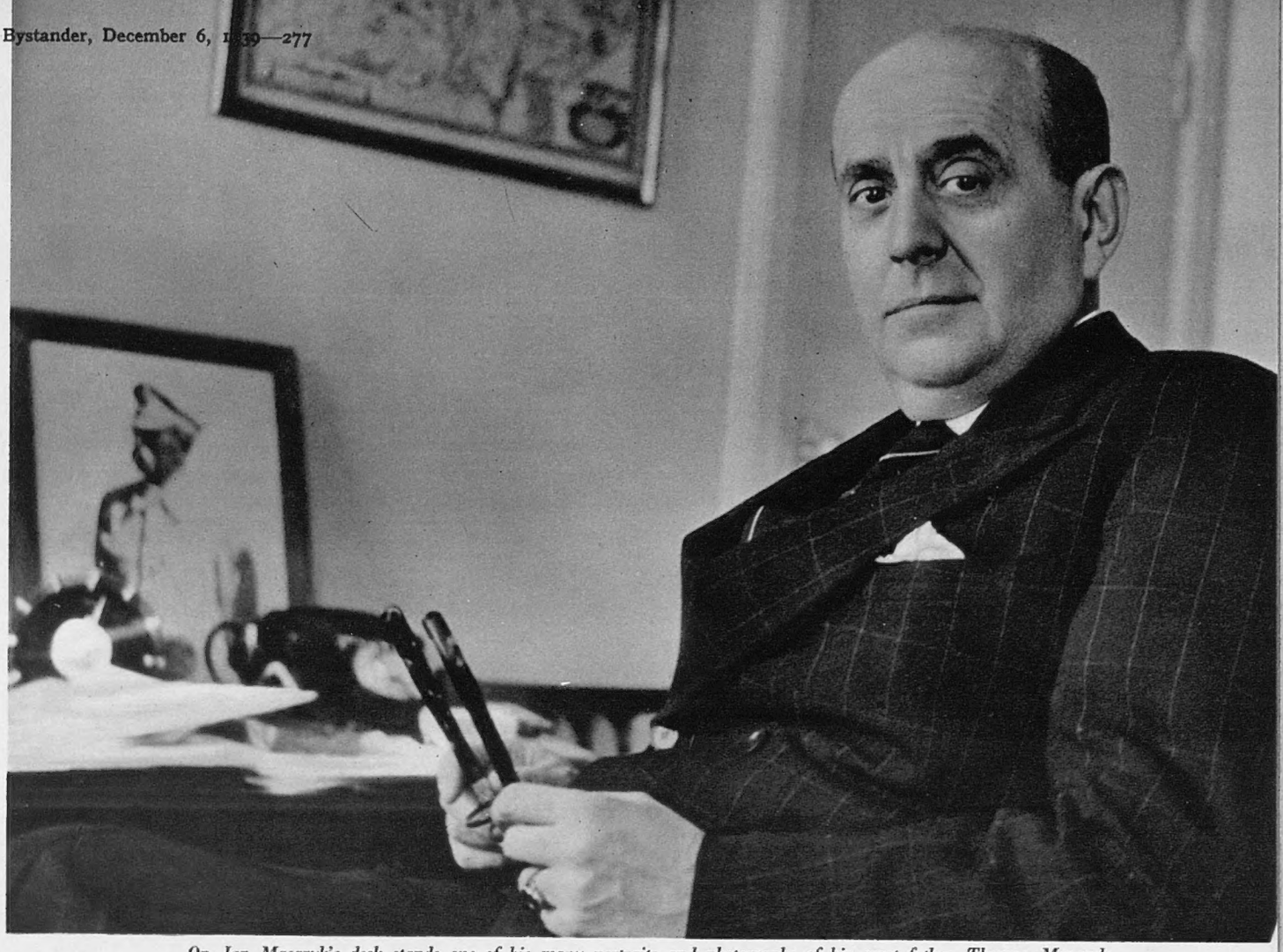
MR. CHURCHILL has appointed Vice-Admiral Royle to succeed Sir Alexander Ramsay as Chief of the Naval Air Staff. It is not the first time that Mr. Churchill has made a drastic alteration in his high personnel at the Admiralty. When he became First Lord in about 1910 he swept out almost all his Sea Lords at once, and he also caused a considerable sensation in Naval circles by appointing as his Naval Secretary an officer who was, from all accounts, certain to be retired in a short time. Opinion may differ on the merits or demerits of this officer, but there is no question whatever that Captain Beatty went far.

MONSIEUR MONNET, who is the chief of the new organisation for co-ordinating French and British economics, was formerly on the Secretariat of the League of Nations. He speaks perfect English and was one of the key men at Geneva from the earliest days of the League. It is rather ironical that he and Sir Arthur Salter, who both devoted so many years to the organisation of peace, should now be called in to help in the organisation of war.

IT is sad to have to record the death of a famous newspaper. The *Leeds Mercury* was founded in 1718, and was one of the finest of provincial dailies. Now it has been amalgamated with the *Yorkshire Post*, and one more famous journal vanishes from the scene. *Cornhill*, of which the first editor was William Makepeace Thackery, has also died, more 's the pity.

ANOTHER casualty of the war is the printing firm of J. B. Nichols and Sons, which has printed the Minutes of the House of Commons for every sitting for the last 210 years. The only gap in the record was the three days in 1926 when the General Strike brought almost all printing to a standstill. The firm still has its Parliamentary business, but its general work has been so hit by the war that it is to shut down altogether at the end of this year.

(*Concluded on page 278*)



On Jan Masaryk's desk stands one of his many portraits and photographs of his great father, Thomas Masaryk

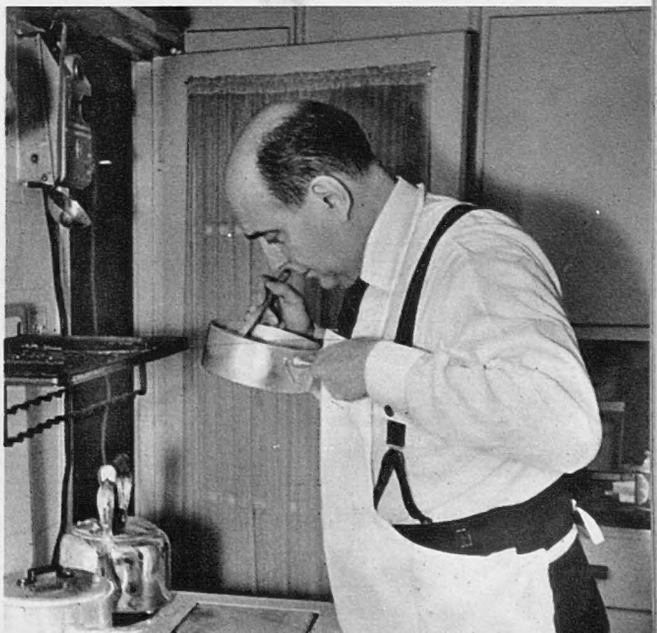
Jan Masaryk

Czechoslovakia's former Minister in London lives in a Westminster flat and works for his country

"By the name which I bear I declare that we shall win the fight and that truth shall prevail." These were Jan Masaryk's words in the speech with which he inaugurated the B.B.C. news service in Czech early in September. The organisation of a Czechoslovakian Legion is one of the ends to which M. Masaryk has devoted himself since war began. He works in collaboration with President Benes, who as long ago as October discussed in Paris the formation of a Czech Government in Exile and a Legion, and made contacts with the Poles whose Government had been recognised some weeks earlier. The rest of his time M. Masaryk spends on propaganda for his country and work for Czech refugees. During the last war he was in America—he went into business there as a young man—and shared in his father's tremendous and successful effort to win American support for the creation of a Czechoslovakian Republic. Later he was that Republic's first representative in Washington. As Minister in London he was immensely popular, and the intense sympathy felt for him in England during the last fifteen months has been a tribute to him personally as well as to the representative of his country and the son of Thomas Masaryk

Behind the ex-Minister as he listens-in to foreign broadcasts stands a painted Dutch screen. Above the fire hangs a self-portrait by the Czech painter, Kupecky. On the table is another photograph of the late President Masaryk

In his small kitchen, M. Masaryk, shirt-sleeved, aproned, and absorbed, as good a cook as he is a conversationalist, prepares occasional meals for himself and his most honoured guests



Sponsors of the "Penny-a-Week" Fund

At a meeting in the Mansion House last week, the Lord Mayor of London (Sir William Coxen) inaugurated as part of his appeal for the Red Cross Fund a "penny-a-week" collection scheme, by which workers would be able to contribute this sum for the duration. The committee included (l. to r.) Lord Crewe, the Lord Mayor, Lord Iliffe, Lord Southwood (who broadcast an appeal that evening), the Dowager Lady Ampthill, and the Lady Mayoress. The King sent a message welcoming the scheme

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 276)

More and more evidence appears week by week that the German Messerschmitt aeroplane is not much good. When it flies at high speed it goes into a wobble, which means that manœuvring is impossible, that accurate machine-gun fire is very difficult, and that the nerves of the crew are heavily strained. This may turn out to be a key factor in the air warfare of the next few months. The German bomber is not equipped for beating off a fighter, and therefore it needs fighters to protect it. But if the fighters are not much good, what then becomes of the bomber? The British bomber, on the other hand, is built to defend itself, with gun-turrets which can be swivelled in any direction by the power of the engines.

This may be one reason why Field Marshal Goering is unwilling to risk his enormous Air Force in open battle with the Allies.

The *Manchester Guardian* reports the singular adventures of a little animal called the genet. This creature came to the Zoo in 1936 from Kenya, and was friendly and cheerful but of an independent turn of mind. In the summer of 1937 it escaped, and was not seen again for a year when it was caught unhurt in the Zoo in a trap set for sparrows. In October 1938 it escaped again, and was not heard of until November 11th, 1939, when it was found dead in a trap at Romford. How on earth it got from Regent's Park to Essex is a matter that will never be solved.

A new theatrical venture is a company of professionals headed by Mr. Esmé Percy who have been giving a cabaret show at a block of flats in Chelsea called the Nell Gwynn. The idea is that many people who live in these flats are unwilling to face the journey in the blackout to the West End, and would prefer to sit in the safety of their enormous ferro-concrete building and watch an excellent show. The management of the Nell Gwynn has jumped eagerly at the plan, and has built a special stage for the company.

The regional plan for professional Soccer has, at any rate, shown one thing, and that is that in certain circumstances the game is as open and clean and fair as any other game in the world. The certain circumstances are that no cash bonus is being paid to the players for a win. It surely follows, therefore, that when football returns to normal lines, the bonus should be dropped for good and all. Already some of the finest displays of the game that old-timers ever remember seeing have been given since the war began. At present the clubs are not reaping a big reward, because of the restrictions on the number of spectators allowed into each ground. But when the restrictions are relaxed, the attendance will go up by thousands to watch the new football.

At the Bon Viveur Club, that most attractive little place in Hertford Street, Mayfair, I had a perfect example of the musical nature of the British people. The other night, the little band perched up in the roof had been playing a whole series of lovely Viennese pieces, and a large party immediately below chattered shrilly throughout them all.

At last in despair Paul, the brilliant violinist, started "Run, Rabbit, Run." Immediately the party became music-minded and sang and clapped their hands, and made curious noises intended to convey the rustic dialect of the farmer whom the rabbit in the song is urged to elude. Paul's expression of humorous resignation and contempt had to be seen to be believed.

He Has Written a Song for Soldiers

Captain David Heneker is responsible for the latest entry for the "Tipperary" stakes. He is the composer of "There Was Orange Blossom Growing on the Mistletoe Bough," which is being put over in France by N.A.A.F.I. concert parties, and will soon be published. The "author's copy" on the piano gives musicians with a magnifying-glass a pre-view. Captain Heneker is the son of Lieut.-General Sir William Heneker, and is secretary to the Director-General of Public Relations, General Ian Hay Beith

She is Now Heard But Not Seen

Miss Elizabeth Cowell is back on the air again, but in sound only. She was one of the two original television hostesses, worked hard during the early strenuous days at Alexandra Palace, joined the W.A.A.F. when war began and television ended, and became an Air Ministry chauffeur. Then the B.B.C. asked the Air Ministry to give her back to them, and she was appointed the first woman announcer since Mrs. Borrett. She made her début last Wednesday, announcing the Kentucky Minstrels' programme

The Dawn Patrol

Riding by a blasted oak, back to their stations somewhere in the North of England, go four troopers of the Cavalry of the Line. Recruitment for mounted units, as for others of the armed forces, was thrown open a month ago to men under thirty-five without military experience, and training depots are now fully occupied with the resultant inflow of recruits. Cavalry hopes to come into its own if the war ever gets on the move, for a new duty of this arm will be to keep touch with, and mop up after, a quick-moving mechanised attack

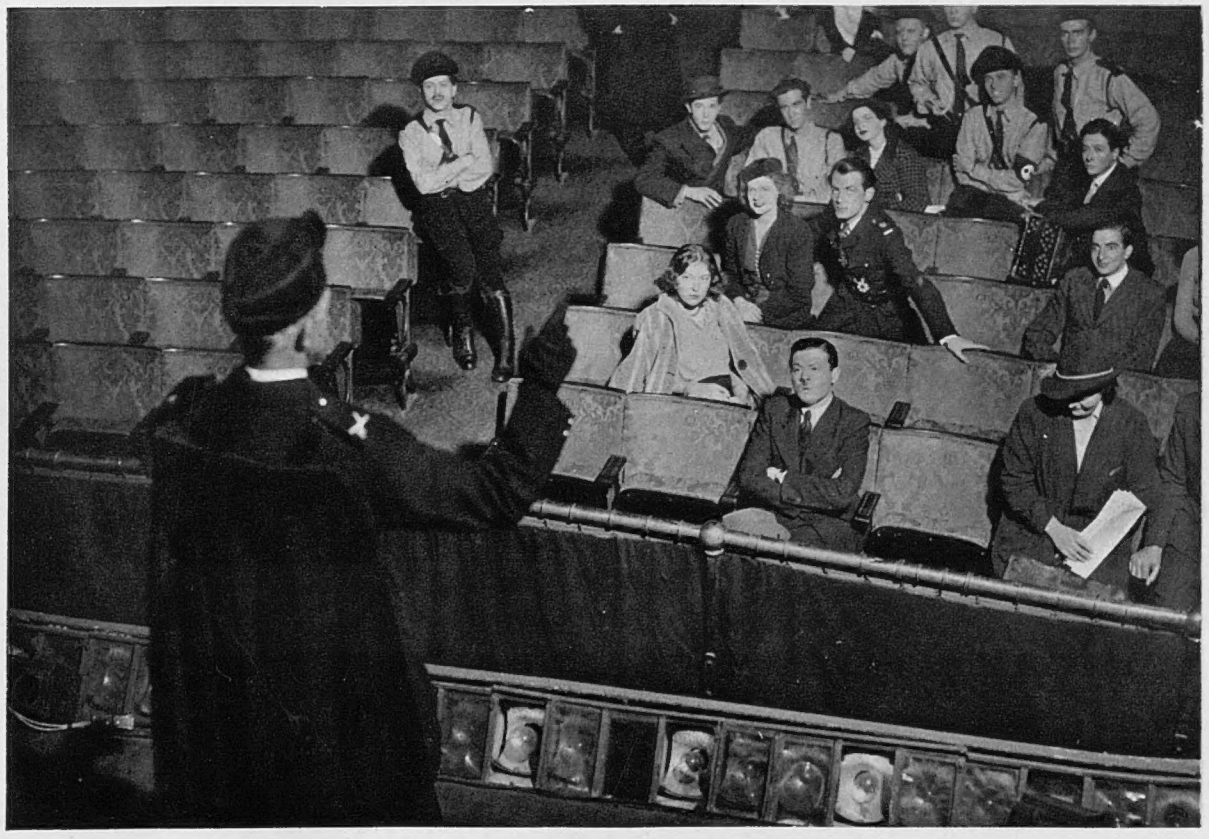
"Julius Cæsar" in Modern Dress

Henry Cass's Production at the Embassy Theatre

Off duty *in the bar of the Embassy Theatre Club were Brutus, Portia, Cassius, Casca — that is, Vivienne Bennett, Godfrey Kenton, Clifford Evans, Anthony Hawtrey. Godfrey Kenton and Vivienne Bennett—Brutus and Portia—are married offstage too*

Mary Malcolm *(Lady Bartlett), who is currently in the Chanticleer revue, "Let's Face It," had a drink in the bar with Portia (Vivienne Bennett)*

"Let me have *men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights: yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look" is the conversation Shakespeare puts into the mouths of this Caudillo-like Cæsar and playboy Antony. Walter Hudd returned from the films to play the former part, Eric Portman plays the latter*



Cæsar *(Walter Hudd), in front of a rank of footlights, speaks at rehearsal to the Roman gauleiters and others, among them Clifford Evans as Cassius (looking at camera). The scenery for the play is a series of projections on a backcloth*

IT is not a new idea to produce *Julius Cæsar* in a setting of dictator-land: Dallas Bower did it for television in August of last year, and we pointed out then that as Shakespeare set his drama of ancient Rome in Elizabethan times it was no solecism to move it another four hundred years forward. The easily swayed crowds, the salutes and the cries of "Hail, Cæsar!" make the adaptation particularly happy. The new production is for Jack de Leon by Henry Cass, is at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage. These pictures were taken at rehearsals

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Important factors in the case: Old Jim (Gordon James) and Queenie (Leueen MacGrath)

"Saloon Bar" (Wyndham's)

THE action of this play takes place in its title, which is a good one; and since the scene, so warm and well-polished, so bright and gaudy and comfortable, is even better than the title, let high credit be given at once to Michael Relph, who designed it. As soon as the curtain rises, you feel that you are in for a cheery evening—cheery in spite of the fact that a murder has taken place; cheery even though a surely innocent young man has been condemned to death for it. For it is quite clear, with all these customers and barmaids on the scent, that the real perpetrator will be run to earth before closing-time. And it is no less clear, with Gordon Harker in the cast, that there will be plenty of fun in the hunt.

MR. HARKER, in checks as loud as his underlip is lowering, acts as sleuth-in-chief, taking charge of the proceedings as loftily as he takes charge of the drinks he doesn't pay for. Being as sharp as they make them, there are no drinks, as there are no flies, on him. And being a cheap-jack with a talent for palming off wash-leathers on to people who don't want to buy them at half the price, he has a nose for a ruse that proves invaluable in the detection of guilt. Mr. Harker, always knowing a trick worth two of that, is at the top of his form in this piece—and he has an ideal foil in Mervyn Johns, who, ensconcing himself in a corner of the stage at the start, remains there almost until the finish, making unilluminating comments and offering laboursome suggestions with a stolidity rarely equalled on our stage. A permanent Harker-Johns combination would not now be surprising, although I, for one, would hesitate to recommend it, since Mr. Johns is an actor of various gifts which it would be a pity to clamp into a single mould.

FRANK HARVEY, JNR., the author of *Saloon Bar*, has turned out a very efficient piece of entertainment, in the course of which he introduces us to all sorts of familiar saloon-bar types—the blind man, the evangelist, the smart-set party from Mayfair. And Richard Bird has directed the whole affair with a sure and sympathetic hand. I would, however, suggest to him that in casting the female parts he has been inclined to sacrifice verisimilitude on the altar of beauty. It is, of course, pleasant to see pretty girls anywhere, even on the stage, and the pretty girls in this production do not act badly. But actresses of a coarser and broader type would, in one or two cases, have been more effective than those actually chosen. With Mr. Harker and Mr. Johns talking Cockney as to the manner born, it is unsatisfactory to find them consorting with young ladies who rather give one the impression that they must have been taught it at rather a good school.

Bar staff, behind and before: John Franklyn, Anna Konstam, Mervyn Johns

Saloon bar detective and detectee: Gordon Harker, John Salew

Sketches by Rouson

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I suppose this rain is just part of the lightning war"

WHETHER the Goat Club is functioning as merrily as in the last war our Naval spies haven't yet reported, but it seems likely that the Secretary will be getting a few more of those enquiries from earnest goat-fanciers before long, following Mr. Patrick Murphy's recent passionate *Daily Mail* appeal to the populace to keep at least a couple of goats apiece. Mr. Murphy is quite right, of course. The goat, apart from his Liberal Party face, conducive to serious thinking and weaning the beholder from all lust and violence, is a highly valuable dumb chum in wartime, and if properly fed will produce his—or perhaps her—one or two gallons of good milk a day like clockwork. That goatish passion for consuming garbage and old newsprint, Mr. Murphy says, can easily be discouraged. It is this which flavours goat-milk unpleasantly. We know a connoisseur who can tell by a single sip on which powerful Organ of Opinion a given goat has been browsing, and, if it turns out to be, say, the *Daily Express*, will instantly correct for body and bouquet by giving the animal a portion of Paragraph LXV of the last Garvin article from the *Observer*. Pushing a single principle to the verge of affectation, as Sidney Colvin said of Whistler, he one day gave a goat for a savoury a page from the *New Statesman*, which naturally proved fatal.

Another thing about keeping goats (and don't forget their uses as lawn-mowers) is the Arcadian atmosphere which, among others, they exhale—that atmosphere of Theocritus and Vergil you find even to-day in Sicily and Greece, though to-day the goatherds Tityrus and Comatas often crown the traditional hairy cloak with a battered gent's boater, which looks frankly hellish. It's a pleasant thing to reflect, as you kick a favourite goat in the stern to discourage him from devouring your young cherry-trees, that since the dawn of the world men have been doing this, with probably the same language. Moreover, since goats have a notoriously high moral sense and are capable of giving old-fashioned looks (see Bucolic III.) when shocked, they are the ideal pets for Bloomsbury, and might even in time exercise a purifying influence on that high-browed plague-spot. We point once more with justifiable pride to the Welch Regiment, once our kindly nurse: a caucus or body of men unsurpassed for virtue, for nobility, and for sterling worth, all of which comes from perpetually having a he-goat walking ahead of one, five paces in front of the band.

Doom

YOU remember how Max Beerbohm's friend Enoch Soames describes the unhappy inhabitants of London as glimpsed by him, with the Devil's aid, in the year 1997? They are all hairless, smelling strongly of carbolic, numbered with metal discs, and clothed in a standard uniform of greyish-yellow. If you think this is just a wit's macabre fancy, may we remind you that the Clothing Society of Japan has just designed a khaki civilian uniform for the entire nation, "easily convertible to military wear," thus going one better than Slogger Anderson, who has, so far, only got about 90 per cent. of the British populace into uniform, unless our estimate of the number of citizens at present engaged in A.R.P. work is conservative? It used to be the British tradition that only foreigners swaggered about in fancy dress of various kinds whenever possible. To-day, if you want to see women doing war-work in women's clothes, you have to go to France.

With only sixty more years to go, we guess the Beerbohm nightmare is on the way to becoming reality. Compulsory education and the B.B.C. have already stamped out most of that rich, vital ancient individuality in accent and behaviour and tradition which made the English provinces each a separate kingdom, and are busily reducing all to one grey level of mediocrity. One State uniform for all, in some hideous drab shade reeking of disinfectant, is the logical next step, and the shaving of heads and wearing of numbers naturally follows. LCKJ 8776542 will clasp PTR 443986 in a careful and sterilised embrace in the presence of QSFX 358325, District State Overseer of Pre-Nuptial Toyings, for the exact three minutes allowed by Regulation GP CCXLV (ix) and no longer. You grin, hearties? So did the Trojans when they first saw that comic Wooden Horse.

"So that's where she is!"

Bedbooks

NOBODY in this country—not even God's dumbest cricket fan—has any excuse now for failing to understand why we are fighting Germany. Mr. Christopher Hollis ("Our Case") and Mr. Harold Nicolson ("Why Britain Is At War") have each put the situation with accuracy, clarity, and brilliance in pocket-size booklets at eighteenpence and sixpence respectively. Mr. Nicolson's exposition is vivacious—his opening comparison of Hitler with Mr. George Joseph Smith, hero of the Brides-in-the-Bath murders, was a happy Plutarchian thought—but Mr. Hollis goes more deeply into the moral and spiritual issues

involved, which are of major importance. Both booklets shun heroics, bombast, and abuse equally, are written in excellent English, clear and simple enough for even an M.F.H. or a Fitness Girl, and ought to be best-sellers. Whether they yet are we can't discover, but we're prepared to offer their respective publishers a suggestion or two. A vehement scarlet paper band round each screaming "Spicy! Audacious! The Naughtiest Book on the War Yet Written!" would rope in the huge, cretinous lending-library public, we think. A similar band hinting waggishly of French (or even Kirschner) illustrations would capture the Stock Exchange en masse and, going slightly further, a new jacket with a sketch showing a laughing A.T.S. mopsy in her underwear *à la Vie Parisienne* would send the National Liberal Club crazy to buy. Don't quote us as saying this.

Dainty

Chez Gaudin, in Soho, the first wartime consignment of live, plump Burgundian snails recently arrived, the news throwing us personally into a high state of calm. The gourmets can have them, whether stuffed with butter, breadcrumbs, garlic, shallots, and parsley, or otherwise. To us they remain an enigma, unlike frogs' legs, which really are what their admirers say. But since there is a circle, cenacle, or *chapelle* of snail-addicts in London, we should have thought it worth somebody's while to throw an eye over the bleak Northumbrian moors. Here, on and around parts of Hadrian's Wall, the veritable descendants of the edible snails imported and bred and fed on vine-leaves by the Romans are still walking about, with mild conjecture in their foolish eyes. The Northumbrians never eat them, and nobody takes any interest in their lives. They've long since forgotten the names of the tough, stocky, fierce, sunburned men in helmets and greaves who loved them, and the vines are vanished centuries ago, but they've remained faithful to the memory of the Eagles and have proudly refrained from intermarriage with native snails, so far as we know; or it may be that British snails regard them as lewd foreigners and keep their daughters at a distance. Perhaps these survivors of Empire could still be rounded up and bred for Soho? We can see their gentle, silly faces light up as they hear, after so long, the first words of Italian, which must be something like the camp-Latin the soldiers spoke, especially the oaths. Surely Our Dumb Friends' League could do something to help and comfort these, the dumbest friends of all?

Less absurd fussing over horses and dogs and more love and understanding of snails would do the Island Race no harm, in our pitiful view. Write to the Master of your local hunt, or some leathery woman.

Flop

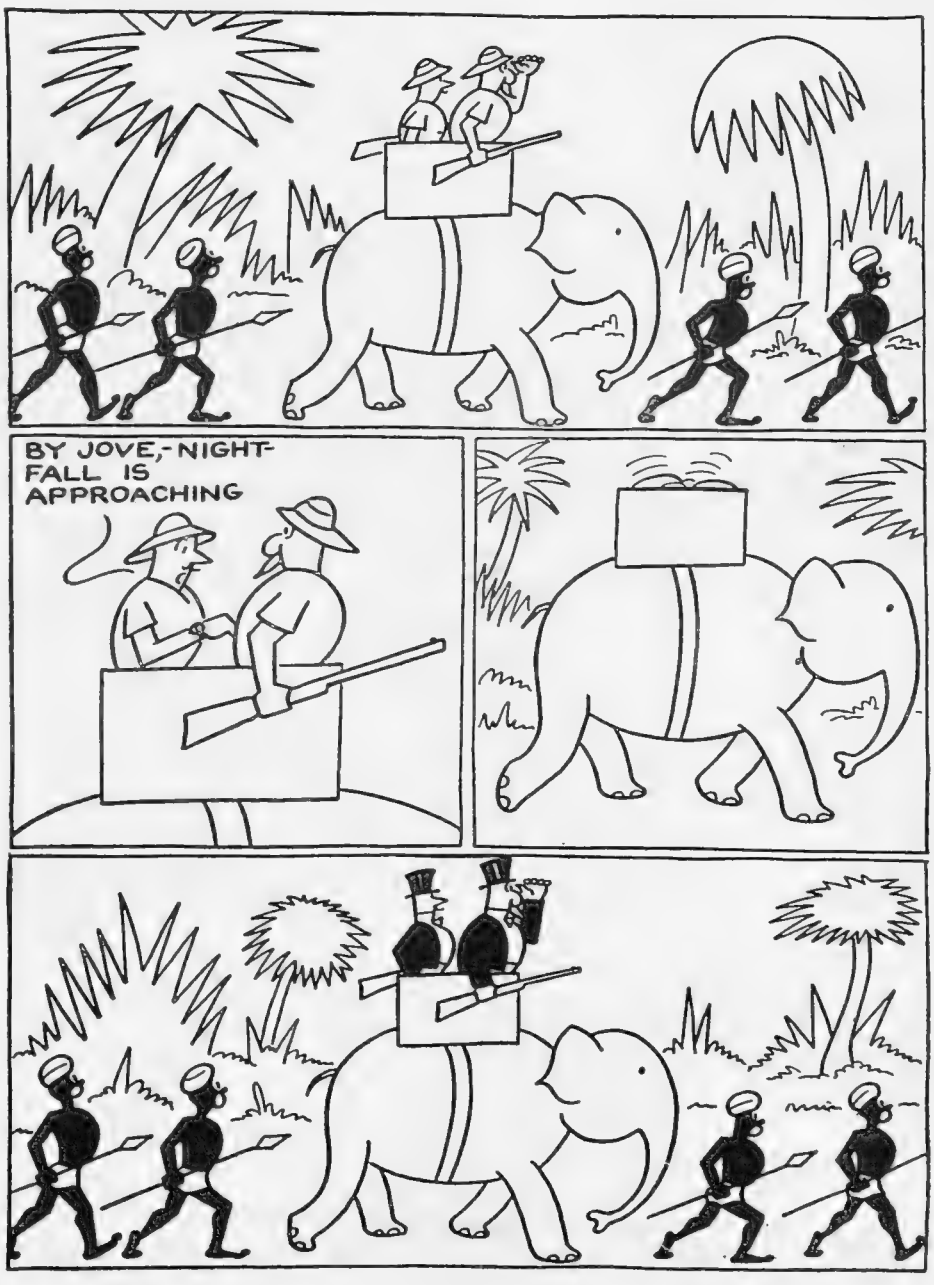
"E. 7," the professional international spy who broadcast over National some months ago, has published a book on women spies which bears out everything we've ever heard tell of those babies. They're generally speaking "far too sensitive, emotional, and inclined to bring romance into the job." Moreover, E.7 confirms that the green-eyed vamp-type which once worked such havoc with young attachés on the Riviera is as out of date as William Le Queux. According to a friend of ours who lives there and who ought to know, its exit from the scene was simultaneous with the passing of the Merry Widow hat and the long frou-frouing skirts of the period, in which a girl could do her stuff with more glamour and brio than in modern clothes. Her present-day successor, according to E.7, uses more subtle and ingenious methods, but even then we gather Ole Debbil Sex bobs up now and again and flings a monkey-wrench into the works. As a confirmed feminist—we've always maintained that women shouldn't be all shot—we feel a little sad to think that even in a profession so eminently suited to their talents, the sweethearts are not invariably a success. The Dark Ages poet who wrote a long, anonymous complimentary piece about women, calling them practically everything (mankind's confusion and delectable scourge, sweet poison, fœtid roses, insatiate animals, etc.) forgot somehow to mark them B-minus for snooping.

Blonde bombshells who yearn to be a second Mata Hari—there isn't one in this war, so far—may note that that charmer was far from beautiful. E.7 says she had nevertheless a magical influence over men, but doesn't say what men. So far as we remember from her dossier, most of the chaps who fell under Mata Hari's spell were the kind of chaps who naturally go about in bowler hats—need one say more?

Folkwit

Noticing the stout old lady from whom we buy our evening paper to be one mass of apoplectic chuckles, we asked what the joke was. She wiped her eyes, pointed to a new poster: "FRAU GOERING BABY MYSTERY," and said hoarsely: "Megawd, they'll be blamin' ole Churchill for that, you mark *my* word!" We thought it a pleasant example of the traditional humour of the English Folk.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Soglow again: *this joke is reproduced from Soglow's "Confidential History of Modern England," a book of drawings just published by Duckworth (5/-)*

Films of the Day

Happy and Unhappy Endings

By George Campbell

If *Golden Boy*, as a play, had been only half as good as Clifford Odets seems to have believed, it would still have stood out from the rubbish of the commercial theatre. The genre was not new. Robert E. Sherwood and Maxwell Anderson had both touched melodrama with poetry. What else, indeed, is *Hamlet*? But the eternal struggle between spirit and materialism, between humility and lust for fame, between art and quick riches—all this was concentrated, ingeniously and at times poignantly, in the problem of the boy who has to choose between music and boxing.

The story has lost much in translation to the screen, notably in the substitution of a happy ending for the original car-smash. A happy ending is not always wrong, of course, any more than it is a proof of quality to fade out on a torn linoleum cluttered up with corpses; but one felt that the violent end to *Golden Boy* was right. The young man who gives up the violin for a year, punches his way to a match for the middle-weight championship of the world, soaks his fists in brine to toughen them, and smashes his left hand against a negro's jaw—is it likely, or even possible, that he will be able to make a come-back as a violinist? Even if it is, which I doubt, it is still wrong artistically. The boy has made his choice. He cannot have the best of both worlds.

Still, it is an exciting, often moving, story, told with a characteristically American mixture of violent realism and dreamy sentimentality. In the boxer's dressing-room, in the Italian grocer's shabby little East Side store, amidst the clowning of the drunken son-in-law, the dialogue keeps taking on the imagery, if not the cadences, of poetry. This came over better on the stage than in the film, despite a brilliant and touching study of the boxer's father by Lee J. Cobb and a fine performance by William Holden as the boy.

Of Mr. Cobb I know nothing, except that he is a magnificent actor, beside whom the rest of the cast look unimportant. William Holden, the twenty-one-year-old actor who plays the Golden Boy, was discovered when Rouben Mamoulian, the director, was looking at a test of an actress whom Holden had been dragged in to support. He has a fine physique, good looks and talent, and only the worst of luck in the way of stories and direction can keep him from the top.

Adolphe Menjou plays a down-and-out fight promoter, conventionally written; Barbara Stanwyck is his girl friend who double-crosses the boxer and then falls in love with him; and Joseph Calleia is effective enough as yet another standardised figure, the smooth but deadly Italian gangster. The adaptation is full of movement; the fatal contest, if less skilful than you would expect, is not short of slugging; and the photography (in sepia) is notable for its softness.

"On the Night of the Fire" is English melodrama without any of the usual compromises—a grim tale of blackmail and murder set against the sordid misery of a North of England slum. Behind his barber's shop, in a back street full of smells and gossiping trollops, lives Kobling with the wife he loves. Both are unhappy. He is tired of dirt and poverty; she is being dunned by the oily shopkeeper. One day he sees a window open and a lot of money lying inside, and a sudden impulse sets in motion the chain of events—blackmail, murder, the breaking-up of his home, a nightmare of watching eyes and whispering tongues—that leads to the tragic end. Rarely have I seen a film so uniformly depressing and so uncompromising in its portrayal of a crime only half-intended, and its relentless punishment. Ralph Richardson and Diana Wynyard make touching figures of the barber and his wife, Henry Oscar is suitably loathsome as the blackmailer, and the small parts, hags and hoodlums, are all played exceedingly well. Josef Somlo (producer) and Brian Desmond Hurst (director) have done an uncommonly fine, if depressing, job.

"On the Night of the Fire"

This grim melodrama has Ralph Richardson and Diana Wynyard as its chief characters, he as a struggling barber in a north country slum, she (with hair scraped back) as his wife. With them here are Dave Crowley and Gertrude Musgrove. The story of theft, blackmail, murder and ruin was directed by Brian Desmond Hurst, has been running at the Leicester Square, is reviewed here

By way of antidote, two of the new comedies are delightful. *Eternally Yours* is a tale of a showman who loves his wife, but loves liberty even more. She follows the Great Arturo on an endless tour, watching him flirt and risk his neck in all the capitals of Europe and the two Americas. At last she can stand it no longer. She leaves him; and the gay philanderer of a magician finds that, rather oddly, his skill has left him too. No one will complain of the happy ending, even if the obstacles are removed a little summarily; and the dialogue and incidents by the way are a joy. David Niven, by a performance of the greatest charm and polish, justifies his promotion to star roles; Loretta Young is back in her old form; and Hugh Herbert, as the magician's eccentric assistant, is quite enchanting.

"Fast and Furious" is another chapter in the adventures of the Sloanes, with Franchot Tone as the amateur detective, and Ann Sothern as his jealous, minxish wife. Thanks to witty dialogue and smooth acting, it compares not unfavourably with *Fast Company* and *Fast and Loose*, its predecessors in the school of comic homicide.

"Oh, for the Wings . . ."

A French parachute school trains a corps of "flying nurses"; ministering angels who can descend from heaven to the wounded in country where aircraft cannot land

The parachute, a contrivance for descent through the air, has not as many martyrs in its history as engines of ascent. The first successful parachutist, Lenormand, intended his invention merely as means of escape from fire, demonstrated this in 1783 by a safe jump from the tower of the Montpellier Observatory. J. P. Blanchard first used a parachute as a means of escape from a balloon, breaking a leg so doing in 1795. Four years later, Garnerin came down from a balloon over the Parcmonceau, Paris, falling 2236 feet without hurt. Robert Cocking proved that a cone, apex downward, was impractical by killing himself in 1837. The first descent from an aeroplane was made in 1912, and followed by many in the war. With the perfection of the parachute, the military genius got to work and discovered that parachutes could be used for dropping supplies on isolated sectors, suspending flares to lighten the night, scattering snipers or shock troops behind enemy lines, laying mines. It is the French who have devised the more humanitarian practice of dropping nurses and doctors where needed. The pictures above and on the next two pages were taken at the school where these ministering angels learn to use their wings

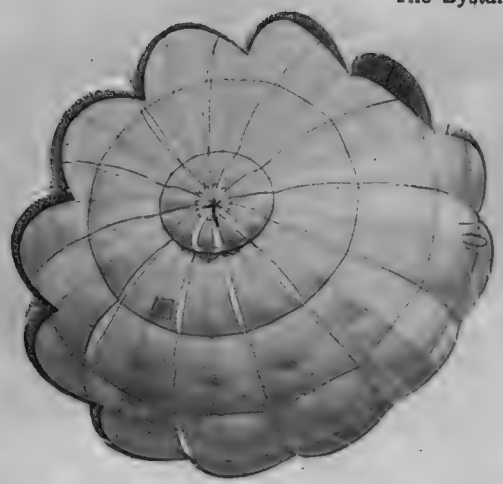
Training *at the parachute-school for nurses includes folding, packing, maintenance and repair of equipment. Young doctors as well as nurses group round the table to master the contrivance on which their lives will all hang*

Furling *the great sail and its many shrouds is quite as important as any other part of the parachute's cycle of closed ascent and open descent. This part of the training should be useful for yachtsmen*

The parachute, *which is double thickness of material throughout, has a central cupola with five others ranged round*

"Oh, for the Wings . . ." (continued from overleaf)

Two kinds *of parachute are issued to the nurses, both made at the factory Irving, at Garthes. Their other equipment includes, as well as a full first-aid set, a part of a portable operating-table. Assuming all parachutists come to earth safely and in the same place, the parts are then assembled on alighting. The first unit of this kind was taught by Mme. Suzette Dranem, first Frenchwoman to hold a parachutist's licence; as soon as the authorities saw the success of the scheme, they enlisted a force of 200 nurses as parachutists. This is now being expanded. Note the discreet red cross on the nurse's helmet at far left, below*



Like a giant jellyfish *in the sky, the parachute swirls out behind a landed jumper (above). Landing is the part of the jump which has to be performed skilfully if no sprained ankles or bruises are to result: the impact with the earth being that of a jump from 6 to 10 feet. The strip on the left shows a successfully landed parachutist demonstrating the collapsing of the parachute (a single cupola here) which is important on windy days if the operator is not to be dragged helplessly over the ground: it is effected by pulling the top shrouds inwards. Notice the pilot parachute held up by a man in the bottom picture of the strip*

Films in the Making

Shots Between Shots of Five Big Hollywood Productions which Sooner or Later will Cross the Atlantic

"We Are Not Alone." *One of the biggest films on the Hollywood sets when these photographs were taken was Warner Brothers' screen version of James Hilton's novel. Edmund Goulding (who looks like a tough Gerald du Maurier) is directing it. He and camera-man Tonio Gordio discussed exposure-meter technicalities, and Jane Bryan waited till they were ready for her to act again. This is the fourth (at least) Hilton novel to be picturised—"Knight Without Armour," "Lost Horizon," and "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" were three others Paul Muni is the star of "We Are Not Alone," which marks it for most filmgoers as important. As usual, he has completely changed his identity between one picture and another—compare his appearance here and in "Juarez," in which he plays the name-part to Brian Aherne's and Bette Davis's Maximilian and Carlotta, and which has been running at the Warner (reviewed in last week's issue)*

"Rio." *The tea-party on the left took place somewhere around the penal settlement in which "Rio" is mostly set. The dreamy young man is Robert Cummings. The lovely girl with her curls in a cellophane bag is Sigrid Gurie, remembered for her dizzy jump to fame opposite Gary Cooper in "Marco Polo" (her first part). "Rio" also has Victor McLaglen and Basil Rathbone in it and is directed by John Brahm*

"Victor Herbert" *is the big musical being made on the Paramount set. Below are a chorus girl, one of its 1400 extras, and two of its three stars, Allan Jones and Mary Martin. Miss Martin all last winter was playing on Broadway in Cole Porter's "Leave It To Me." The third star of the film is Walter Connolly in the title-role. There are also three bands in the film, 110 musicians in all*

"On Your Toes." *The spate of ballet films that has been rumoured both from English and American studios has never got further than a trickle yet. However, "On Your Toes" is on the set now, with Vera Zorina (on the cushion here) in the part she played on the London stage. But the story has been altered, and her part made even more important. Her husband, Georges Balanchine (in the white shirt, left), directs the ballet scenes, and the camera is in charge of the famous Chinese photographer, James Wong Howe. No news has arrived of the leading man; Anton Dolin was once rumoured for the part. Another dancer of whom Hollywood has recently taken possession is Irina Baronova*

"Balalaika." *Eric Maschwitz's musical comedy has been taken over by M.-G.-M. for the screen, and has been expanded to include the usual myriad extras. The Old Russia sequences give the girls a chance to wear wide, gay skirts and peasant headkerchiefs (see below). The star is Nelson Eddy, talking on the right to Benjamin Franklin Waite, said to be, at ninety-six, the oldest writer in the U.S.A. He was just visiting the set. With Eddy in the film is Ilona Massey, young Hungarian singer from the Viennese State Opera. Reinhold Schnuzel directs*

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, it's vingt years since I 'ad to dig a trench across yer yard, Missus. Sorry to have to do it encore"

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

General Sir Frederick Pile Aims High

When you read, as you almost daily do, that enemy aeroplanes were engaged by our A.-A. guns, it means that General Pile's men were at work. He commands the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division, T.A., and as such is G.O.C. of all Anti-Aircraft Defence. Second holder of the baronetcy won by his father, a Lord Mayor of Dublin, Frederick Alfred Pile has been in the Army since he was twenty, when he went into the Royal Artillery. That was early in King Edward VII.'s peaceful reign, when promotion was slow, and it was not until he was forty, in 1914, that the Irish soldier got his third pip as Captain. Then came his chance: he was mentioned in despatches, won a D.S.O. and M.C., and emerged from the first Great War a Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. As another period of apparent peace began to wane, his promotion went forward again: a colonelcy and the assistant directorship of mechanisation in the War Office came in 1928, and the command of the Canal Brigade at Ismailia in 1932 with rank of Brigadier. When he got his present job, with Major-General's rank, in 1937, he returned to his first choice—guns—from a period with the Tank Corps (in which his elder son is now a Lieutenant). Last year followed a military C.B. The recreation of this first gun in the biggest of all shoots is fishing

***This portrait**, part of the Votichenko treasury, represents William III. of England, is made up almost entirely of fine script. It took seven years to make, is said to have carried a secret message from Louis the Great to William the Silent*

The Royal Tympanon

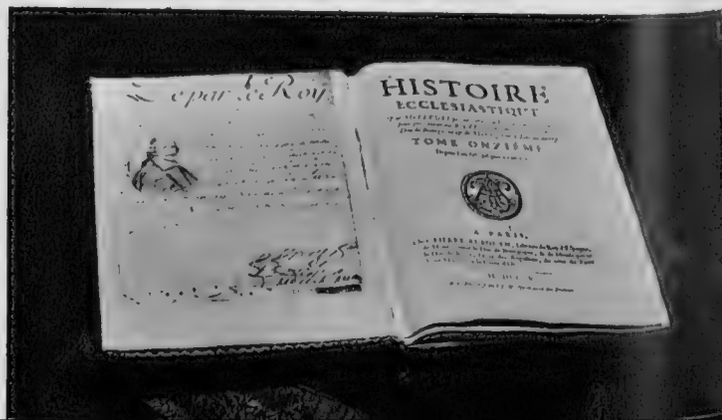
Sasha Votichenko demonstrates his cherished possession, the only instrument of its kind in the world

Visit M. Alexander Votichenko in his studio in Westbourne Street and you seem to step into a remote world where A.R.P. and Hitler mean nothing. Here is a room decorated with valuable relics, few newer than the Grand Siècle, tapestries, portraits, illuminated books and old music. And in the place of honour stands the Tympanon Royale, a unique instrument made for Louis XIV. by Pantaléon Hebenstreit, ancestor of the present owner. The authenticity of the Votichenko collection is proved by the numerous extracts made from it for the Exhibition of Royal and Historic Treasures at 145, Piccadilly, before the war

***The tympanon** is nothing like a modern tympanum, but is a cross between harp, clavichord and lute. Its constructor, Hebenstreit, was a Pole who was successively Maître de Chapelle at Eisenach, musician to the Elector of Saxony and to the King of Poland. Louis XIV. is said to have been "bewildered and charmed" by the Tympanon, which he called a Pantaléone, after its maker. Votichenko has played his ancestor's instrument before a gathering of our Royal Family as well as before many distinguished and aristocratic persons. Leo Tolstoy compared it to the "far-away echo of the voices of the old bards."*

***Madame Votichenko** assists her husband in research and on the occasions of his musical soirées: she sits on the left in a chair from the private collection of Louis Philippe*

***An ecclesiastical history** by the Abbé Fleury, with inscriptions by Louis XIII. and Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin (below), is another treasure in M. Votichenko's studio*



The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Higher Bigamy

By V. S. Pritchett

GEORG KAISER, the German dramatist, is well known outside of Germany as the author of that startling piece of theatre, *From Morn Till Midnight*. This play showed, with bizarre theatrical effect, how a bank clerk robbed the till in order to satisfy various romantic illusions and ended his course of disappointment by blowing his brains out on a crucifix. Intoxicating symbolism! It was, like all the Expressionist drama, a play which made one feel maudlin drunk; one left the theatre with power delusions and also hysterical about the human race. The morning after, of course, was not quite so good. And now, years later, one realises how automatically the Germans create myths, and how strong the suicide instinct is when the myths, as usual, do not establish themselves. I have always wanted to read a novel by Georg Kaiser since that play, because I was sure it would be unlike any other German novel.

"A VILLA IN SICILY" (Dakers; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is no disappointment. It is an intensely dramatic, theatrical and moving book, and it is a bit of a fraud, too, as the play was. That low fellow who dwells inside all of us, cocking snooks at the more elevated postures of the human monkey, can cock a lot more here. Boris Tscherski, handsome young Tsarist officer, romantically in love with war and his wife, goes off to the humiliation of Tannenburg. All his life he has dreamed of the splendours of victory and the joy of carnage; and now he finds himself unwounded, unarmed, about to be taken prisoner by the oncoming Germans, his dream for ever dishonoured. So he puts off his officer's uniform and exchanges it for the uniform and identity of a dead private, and it is as Stefan Gars, a waiter, that he goes to Germany as a prisoner of war. Afterwards he does not return to Russia; he does not communicate with his wife, who will have understood that he was killed, and he ends as a waiter in Paris.

There, would you believe it?—to take a favourite phrase from the English translators of Tchekov—he one night serves dinner to his wife in a de luxe hotel. He waits breathlessly for her to recognise him, but she does not. He does not speak. It is true she has married again and the situation might be awkward; but you don't know your symbolical novelist and Expressionist dramatist if you think that they will condescend to the Hollywood problem of de-bigamising the lovers. No. We ascend. Human beings, Georg Kaiser seems to say, are drunkards of the imagination. They live within the illusions that intoxicate them, unable to see the truth. I hope I have not misread Herr Kaiser; symbolism is such a business of wheels within wheels that one is not always sure which wheel is within which. And I was annoyed by Boris. Where Herr Kaiser has succeeded, however, is in his portrait of the tragic French café proprietor, the Père Lot, a more moving illusionist, who, having lost both his sons at Verdun, keeps himself alive by the tragic strategy of believing that their meaningless deaths really had a meaning; that it was all part of a divine Plan—which in practice meant that Boris should marry his daughter. Père Lot's is the real tragedy. Here are the real humanity, the penetrating horror of the book; here is a character as terribly savaged by fate as the blinded Œdipus was. And *A Villa in Sicily* is transformed into a powerful, if sometimes obscurely, hectic protest against the German people's susceptibility to the disastrous heroic myth of absolutism and war. One understands why Kaiser is a dramatist; also why a year ago he left Germany.

Anthony

David Horner

The seaside holidays of his pre-war childhood have given David Horner material for his new book "Was It Yesterday?" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). He writes about Frittlesea in England and Moulinville in Normandy with the same leisurely, observant humour and critical affection with which he looked at France in his earlier "Through French Windows"

THE issues shrink to those of sex, and especially sexual technique in Mr. Rayner Heppenstall's *The Blaze of Noon* (Secker and Warburg; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is a very original novel, both in method and subject. Mr. Rayner Heppenstall is, I think, running away from something—religion, I suspect, but perhaps it is politics—and at present he is devoted to "sophistication," which is a second-rate interest for a writer with a mind as fresh as his is. It is hopeless to want to be French and romantic about sex at the same time. The French are the lawyers, not the apostles, of physical love. The originality of Mr. Heppenstall's book is that it describes the delicate phases of love as they are revealed to a blind man. Louis Dunkel is a blind masseur, and when he goes to Cornwall on a professional visit to a frank old fake, Mrs. Nance, and meets Sophie Madron, he has fought his way from the "pity-me" condition of blindness, to an extraordinary condition of self-mastery. Touch is everything to him. By his hands he knows the surfaces of rocks, of furniture, of the human body. He learns from the responses of the skin, the outline of face and contact of hands, where we learn by the estimate of the eyes. Having suffered and having emerged unbroken, he is a more co-ordinated person than those he meets; and in the Cornish household the Nance circle is socially as well as psychologically unco-ordinated. The love-affair with Sophie Madron is the most shadowy part of the book, though as a romantic love-affair it is fresh and real enough. The story is pulled together by another, perverse love-affair with a stultified blind girl who is brought to the house; she is admirably drawn. Every sentence about her is something new, where Sophie Madron is just the conventional thing re-touched. Dunkel's struggle with the blind woman is represented as an instance of a blind man falling in love with his own blindness, and it is indeed dramatic in itself and most originally managed. Mr. Heppenstall writes good, free prose; his rapid, nervous story-telling makes most other novelists look like crawling removal vans. His sensuality, being detached and almost ascetic, will shock those who still live in the dear old days of Joynson-Hicks, but I hope they will realise they are being shocked by a writer with one foot in the first rank.

IT would be amusing to start Sir William Rothenstein and M. Jacques-Emile Blanche on a celebrity race. The indexes of both *Since Fifty* (Faber; 21*s.*) and *More Portraits of a Lifetime* (Dent; 15*s.*), translated by Mr. Wm. Clement, run neck and neck with Prime Ministers, generals, and all the famous artists and writers of the last generation, with an anecdote attached to each. Sir William Rothenstein fills up with letters from people like T. E. Lawrence, Yeats, Stanley Spencer, and Ramsay MacDonald, and these are admirable. M. Blanche, encumbered by a really appalling translation, makes heavier going in High Life. His Lady Clerk, for example: "On her countenance and on her bulky form, fashioned in dazzling white marble as by the hand of a Cyclops, she bore the signs of a unique destiny . . ." M. Blanche, drawing with cosmic touch upon Bloomsbury and Montparnasse, suggests that the High World of High Art of the last generation was a madhouse devoted to platitudes; Sir William Rothenstein's more congenial line is that it was a seductive success story. His best quotation comes from James Stephens:

"There are two things in the world that give beauty to a woman, a squint and a moustache."

I rather think protruding teeth should be added.

Christmas Present Problems

CHRISTMAS, like the National Register, is largely a question of lists. Prudent people have already made them, everyone else is making them now, as this year it is more important than ever to shop and post early. The shopping, however, will be pleasant, for this Christmas the usual white elephants seem to have disappeared, and the presents suggested are practical but never dull.

FIRST on the list come presents for friends on service, either at home or abroad. Intelligent planning by people who really understand camp conditions has produced a whole series of special parcels, which will be packed by experts and sent to any address. The actual contents, of course, vary. There are food parcels, appetising tins and jars that will make meals more interesting for several weeks to come, or there are mixed boxes including everything from cakes and cigarettes to mouth-organs and Balaclava helmets.

"Food parcels, mouth organs & Balaclava Helmets"

Any man at sea is especially grateful for long, wrap-round scarves, cardigans, polo-necked sweaters and cap-comforters of all kinds. These can be bought for the various forces in khaki, navy, or Air Force blue, universal colours that seem to monopolise even tie and sock counters. Self-supporting socks, incidentally, save time and trouble and make an inexpensive present. Waterproof waistcoats, wool-lined, are a practical idea, but the R.A.F. especially like the supple leather ones with leather across the back as well.

Many a man in camp has to shave in cold water, so a present with a very popular future would be the non-electric dry razor, which gives a perfect shave without extra blades or lather. Money-belts are useful,

"long wrap round scarves."

"Cheer for Shelters"

too, made of Melton cloth, with two pockets and leather straps. Cigarette-cases should be waterproof, and large enough to hold a full day's supply. Flasks are now made specially flat and curved to fit the hip, with the caps secured by metal chains. For small presents there are metal mirrors in flat leather cases or folding pigskin photograph frames.

Men in the Forces have an amazing choice of regimental badges, made into brooches, stamped on leather ties, or embroidered on silk scarves. Pocket-books and pouches can be striped with any regimental colours, and may equally well be given by or to the soldier concerned.

"Make it a Cycling Christmas"

EVEN civilians, fortunately, still have their rights when it comes to Christmas presents. If you want to be topical, give one of the many ingenious varieties of gas-mask cases. There is a good tubular shape, fitted with a torch, to sling over one shoulder and leave both hands free in the black-out; the torch shines downwards and will not offend the most vigilant warden. Or there are several ways of combining the case with an ordinary handbag, and even with a muff. The best equipped air-raid shelter is a cheerless place on a cold night, so a safety heater, of the type normally used in a garage, would be an intelligent gift.

NOW that so many town-dwellers have evacuated themselves to the country, a whole new range of presents is possible. Daughters and nieces can hardly have too many of the brightly coloured hood and scarf sets, in brushed wool or angora. They will like the buttoned-up cardigans, too, with hoods that can be detached or worn as collars, and the broad webbing belts with change-pockets to wear with their slacks. For their mothers, there are lacy Shetland dressing-jackets with bed-socks to match, and fleece-lined overboots for the country lanes. Enough bicycles are now ready to cope with the demand, so this is your opportunity if you like to give something that will last. Children who already have them will be pleased with the various gadgets, baskets to fit in front, speedometers, or complete oilskin outfits for wet weather.

More people are burning wood this winter, so a log-basket would be an appropriate present for a country hostess. If she is a keen gardener you could give her a gardening apron, fitted with scissors, gloves, and bass, and padded for kneeling; or one of those light weed-baskets with rubber-tyred wheels and walking-stick handles.

NOW that everyone is knitting, zealously if not expertly, knitting-bags are no longer only suitable for aunts. It is not always safe to give the wool as well, as the knitter is probably working to a regulation pattern; but needles, marked in inches to check the tension, might be included. Experienced embroiderers like to choose their own materials, but a beginner would be glad of a tapestry frame; the work is easy, and makes a pleasant way of passing these long evenings.

BLACK-OUT boredom is becoming such a problem that anything to relieve it comes as a welcome present. Luckily there seem to be even more amusing games than usual this winter. If your friends already know all about real estate through playing Monopoly, they will like its successor, Totopoly, when the players manage racing stables. A good party-game, this, if you are having a houseful for Christmas. For a present to please the whole family, choose one of the ingenious games compendiums, consisting of boards, dice and counters which can be varied to suit as many as seventeen different games. Another adaptable idea is the combination rubber games-mat, on which, with five rubber discs, you can play either snooker or shove-halfpenny.

House, the one game of chance permitted in the Army, is popular with children as well as their older relations. They will like Chinese Checkers, too, an American variant of Halma, and be fascinated by Huli Kuri, an authentic Indian game, with "tigers" and "sheep." For boys—and, incidentally, their fathers—there are aeroplane construction sets, accurate in every detail, while girls can be up to the minute with A.T.S. dolls.

"Newest line in cradle fodder"

The list could go on and on, describing the gaily decorated boxes of cigarettes and crates of drinks that are such an excellent way of saying "Merry Christmas," and all the beauty products that make such charming souvenirs. But, after all, some treasure-trove must be left for your own voyage of discovery among present-laden counters.

Also Present

Practical ideas come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. For small presents there are silver identity discs on leather straps, photograph and card cases, metal mirrors and flapjacks with badges, shown in the top picture. Below is their fully fitted pigskin dressing-case, with large pockets

For your daughter, this lovely house-coat from Liberty's, Regent Street, of blue and cyclamen shot taffeta embroidered with tiny sprays of flowers. The price is 7½ guineas. The lamp, also from Liberty's, has the new shorter standard and can be chosen in colours to tone with any room

These "comforts" look attractive, but they will look even more so to the soldier when he opens his parcel, expertly packed and dispatched by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Parcels can be chosen from 12s. 6d. to 45s., and can include cardigans, scarves, and so on, as well as food

For civil defence work or simply for getting through the winter, Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, suggest this leather, fleece-lined waistcoat, with sliding fasteners down the front and across the pockets. They have these handsewn gloves, too, also warm and wool-lined

"Bystander" Short Story

The Past Tense

By Laurence Kirk

Illustration by Domény

THE woman Johnny Laidlaw wanted to marry was staying with the Winthrops that week-end. Her name was Veronica and she had been refusing attractive and eligible men for quite a number of years. No one, least of all herself, was prepared to say exactly how long. But it worried her numerous friends that she wouldn't marry. When so many utterly unsuitable people were rushing down the Gadarene slope into matrimony, it seemed really a wretched waste that anyone who would make such a charming wife and mother as Veronica should pass on like the imperial votaress, fancy-free. Old gentlemen used to wag their heads about her and wonder what had happened to the modern young man. If only they were young again themselves! Old ladies used to take her aside and talk of the look of devotion and suffering in Johnny's or George's or Peter's eyes. But all in vain. The one person who remained completely unperturbed was Veronica herself. She was perfectly serene and happy as she was, and refused to be convinced that these men really suffered any more over her than when they were off their game at golf or their tailors had made them a badly-fitting new suit.

Johnny had been one of three pebbles on the beach when he first began proposing to Veronica about two years before. Since then the other two pebbles had become wearied and gone off and married their second-bests; but Johnny was the faithful, staying kind. He proposed to Veronica roughly every three months, and Veronica used to become elusive each time when she knew a fresh proposal was impending. She didn't really like refusing Johnny. He used to look too like a spaniel when one had refused to take it out for a walk. But he was desperately determined in his quiet way. This time he had rung up Lady Winthrop and invited himself for the week-end. Lady Winthrop, who was Veronica's aunt and knew all about it, replied that if he insisted on making himself miserable in this way he was more than welcome.

Now as Johnny stepped into the panelled hall of the lovely country house, he asked the butler anxiously if there was a large week-end party.

"Oh, no, sir," the butler informed him, "it will be quiet, very quiet this week-end."

Johnny's hopes rose. It looked as though the going was likely to be good. But then the butler proceeded solemnly.

"There 's only His Excellency, sir, and His Grace, and the Bishop of Steyne, and Lord and Lady Molesworth, and Mrs. Barry, and Sir John Bolding, and Lord Angus Muir—and, of course, Miss Veronica. A very quiet week-end, sir."

Johnny looked at the butler and ground his teeth. How could a man propose to a girl in the midst of a mob like that!

TRYING to propose to Veronica was like playing Tig with a child that knew the game far too well. Veronica had extraordinary powers of anticipation. She knew exactly when any man was about to propose to her just as surely as she knew when Gobble, her dachshund, was going to be sick. All that evening and all the next day she made sure that she was touching wood (that is, talking earnestly to somebody else) whenever Johnny was about. She managed it very cleverly and naturally indeed until after dinner on Saturday; then all of a sudden it became much more difficult. Someone else was manœuvring against her. Not Johnny, he never could, the poor darling. It was her aunt who had taken a hand. She had arranged two tables of bridge, which only left His Excellency the Ambassador, and His Lordship the Bishop, as possible "homes" for Veronica. And they showed no inclination to be used as "homes." They both meanly sneaked off to the library to talk about protocols and sees, leaving Veronica to her fate.

Johnny began almost before the door had closed.

"Veronica, darling! I 've been longing . . ."

She looked at him unhappily. He really was a dear, and this was going to hurt him much more than it was going to hurt her. But that wasn't any reason for saying yes. When one was already supremely happy and contented, why should one risk it all in a gamble, which she knew from her own observation was quite as risky as a bet on the Grand National. Happiness was too precious a metal to make bets with.

She put her hand impulsively on his.

"Johnny, dear, not again! Please!"

"But Veronica, I must. I can't help it."

"Oh, very well, then." She was resigned now. "But not here. Let 's go out into the rose-garden."

Johnny liked the idea of the rose-garden. The warm night air and the moonlight on the white roses might be a help, and he knew he needed all the help he could have. Romantic! But, unfortunately, Veronica hadn't suggested the rose-garden because it was romantic. She had suggested it because, when it became unbearable, she knew she could say she was cold and ask to be taken in.

THE library looked out on the rose-garden, and the Ambassador heard them go past the window. He waited a few minutes; then, without interrupting his learned conversation with the Bishop, he got up and went and peered through the curtains. It was very casually done, but the Bishop was no fool.

"I don't think you ought to be doing that, Charles," he murmured. "Even diplomats don't spy in private life."

The Ambassador immediately dropped the curtain and strode about the room for five more minutes, talking hard; then once again he went and peered at the window. The Bishop saw the look of annoyance on his face.

"Not going very well?" he asked.

"Rotten!" the Ambassador said. "Absolutely rotten! Come and look."

The Bishop then went and spied beside him. He could see Johnny and Veronica on the garden seat under the apple-tree. Johnny was talking. Veronica was listening. Anyone could see from their attitudes that it was quite hopeless. It looked just as though he were explaining that love would come after.

The Bishop dropped the curtain sorrowfully.

(Concluded on page iv)

"All the same, I 'm prepared to bet you"

Arts Theatre Party

Prelude to the London Ballet's Season

Robert Atkins, the producer (especially for the Open Air Theatre), was a guest, and talked to Gerd Larsen, Norwegian dancer in the London Ballet, who recently married an English husband

London Ballet opened its season at the Arts Theatre last Thursday, preceded two days before by a morning reception at which these pictures were taken. The first week's programme of three ballets includes a new work by Keith Lester, *Le Pas des Déesses*, to César Pugny music. The company was formed by Antony Tudor something over a year ago, gave a winter season at Toynbee Hall, has now been reassembled with headquarters at the Arts Theatre

Maude Lloyd is again the first dancer of the London Ballet, with whom she appeared last year at Toynbee Hall. At the dress rehearsal, Mrs. Kelly, the wardrobe mistress, got down on her knees to trim Maude Lloyd's "Pas des Déesses" skirt, while behind loomed a cloudy atmosphere back-cloth

Hilda Sokolova, who was Diaghileff's first English ballerina, went to the morning party, gave a warm greeting to kilted Bunty Kelly, a young dancer who is training at the Vic-Wells School, and who has already made her stage debut in a child's part with Educational Ballets at Covent Garden

Above left are Keith Lester, choregrapher, and Peggy van Praagh, dancer, with Philip J. S. Richardson, editor of the "Dancing Times," and Harold Rubin, the new owner of the Arts Theatre and Club

Below are Charlotte Bidmead, Deborah Dering, and Elizabeth Hamilton, rehearsing in "Gala Performance," Antony Tudor's ballet, which was first given at Toynbee Hall a year ago. It is one of the three ballets in the first week's programme of the new London Ballet season

Going to the office, for the British C.-in-C. and his staff, means either moving from one room to another of the French chateau which is British G.H.Q., or setting out for a tour of inspection down the tree-lined avenue. Here march, in front, Lord Gort and Lieut.-General H. R. Pownall, Chief of the General Staff, and behind, Captain Lord Munster, Major D. W. Gordon, Captain C. J. D. Jeffreys, and Captain E. V. Oyler

In their office at G.H.Q. work Major D. W. Gordon, Captain the Earl of Munster, and a sergeant. Lord Munster was Under-Secretary for War when the war began; he resigned his post early in September to take a commission in the Army

Sanity Fare

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

By Douglas Reed

Quarterly Balance

AFTER three months the war-ledger shows this balance: that we can no longer *lose* this war. Between that and *winning* it is a long, long trail, but if France remains our Ally, as she will, and if Germany does not find allies—a thing we should prevent—we cannot lose.

We can suffer appalling losses, but we could only lose now in one of two ways, both of which we should be able to prevent. The first would be some military blunder arising from over-confidence, or under-estimation of the enemy's strength and daring, and Mr. Churchill's statement about the sinking of the Royal Oak showed how dangerous to us is this, the worst of all our enemies, the war-baby fathered by our peacetime foe—wishful thinking. The other possible way of losing would be a diplomatic blunder, the commission or omission of some act which would bring allies to Germany's side.

We have the means to avert both dangers. If these months of respite are being fully used, we should be growing so strong in arms that no German attack can crush us. In diplomacy we have the inducements available which should deter any Power from entering the war on Germany's side, and we must hope that these inducements are being fully exploited, too.

That Spring Offensive

NOW that all the prophets of the mass German attack on Britain through Holland and/or Belgium have been disappointed, the same voices are foretelling the Great Push for the spring—they even know the date.

I advise disbelief of this theory that Germany will launch the great, smashing attack upon us with everything she has (unless she finds allies). It *is* just a faint possibility that Hitler, in the greatest hysterical orgasm of all time, would order it, but it is against his own and all other German strategy, as long as Germany stands alone, and his generals would solidly oppose it.

That strategy is, as I repeat, to sit tight within the West Wall and hope that France and Britain will so weaken themselves by hurling their armies upon it that the great counter-blow would then hold hope of victory. And meanwhile, to inflict the maximum possible damage upon Britain, at the minimum cost to Germany, by the mine, torpedo, sea-raider, and, later, the air-raider.

The German Plan

GERMANY, of course, is crouching for the spring; but it is wrong to think she is crouching for the Spring. The German plan is simple. It is to keep that vast and mighty army and air force intact: intact for defence against a Franco-British attack if France and Britain were foolish enough to make one; intact for the great blow if Britain can be weakened enough to make the all-or-nothing throw worth while; intact in the hope that Germany may yet find powerful allies; and, finally, and perhaps most important of all, intact as the most powerful bargaining factor in any peace parleys that may come about.

If Hitler were frenziedly to order the great attack irrespective of Germany's position, of the rules of strategy and of his generals, he would probably choose March for it; that month seems to have a most unsettling effect on him. But he will not. He will only order it, or, at any rate, his generals will only carry it out, if and when Britain has been weakened enough to make it a business proposition.

The Sea War

THAT is what Germany is at now—the attempt to wear us down, destroy our shipping lines, starve us out, without spending her own offensive strength. In the last war her raiders, the Emden, Moewe, Wolf, and others, did enormous damage at little cost to themselves. For this war, Germany has several pocket battleships, built specifically for this type of warfare. One of them, the Deutschland, is already aprowl. We shall have a terrible job to snare her.

The Allies have very few ships that can catch her and match her guns when they have caught her—and first she has to be caught, and the oceans are wide.

Strange to think now that, in our blind-man's-buff days, British nurses were sent by special aeroplane to Gibraltar to tend the Deutschland's sailors wounded by Spanish Republican bombs; and when she sank the Rawalpindi these same sailors of the Deutschland looked down at the one remaining boat, with eleven survivors in it, and called "Is it cold down there?" and spat.

Mine and Counter-mine

THE Germans, as *The Times* reports, are cock-a-hoop about their war on our shipping, and in this war, as in the last, they are apparently to be able to live for long periods in the comfortable feeling that they are sinking and killing lavishly without much loss of German life. Well, that can't be helped. In time we shall find the antidote to the magnetic mine. The men of the minesweepers are in the front line this time from the word "go," and we hear all too little about them, for theirs is the coldest and most thankless of duties, and their service to the nation of the highest order.

The Peace That Will Be?

THE ghost of the peace to come—however distant—still haunts this war. Mr. Chamberlain's carefully vague statement that our ambition for "a new Europe" did not mean that we wanted to tear up frontier posts will have worried Czechs, Poles and Austrians.

Already a new dilemma is taking shape in faint outline for the day when Germany shall have been worn down (provided that we avoid those two mistakes that I mentioned at the beginning). The dilemma that then will worry our statesmen is, how shall we prevent Germany from going Communist and ensure that a régime we approve of comes about?

Thunder and lightning: *these are the newest pictures of the Grom (thunder) and Blyskawica (lightning), Polish sister warships of the light cruiser class now serving in home waters with the British Fleet. Built in 1936, in a Cowes yard, they were designed for the calmer waters of the tideless Baltic, have been strengthened for our stormy seas. They each mount seven 4.7-inch guns, six torpedo tubes*

"Mines in the fairway": *at an East Coast port the Admiralty have established a naval control station whither come inward-bound convoys to take aboard pilots who will conduct them through the minefields, and where outward-bound vessels wait to form convoy. Naval officers give the convoys their courses, and a fleet of drifters is in attendance to carry them from ship to shore and shore to ship. Here a rating signals orders to a merchant vessel slowly passing the base*

Goering the King-maker?

AT that point, too, I think, Field-Marshal Goering may come large into the picture. Hitler has already named him to be Führer No. 2, but that was probably superfluous, for Goering is probably pre-destined for the succession—if Germany does not go Communist. He has friends in the German and one or two other royal families; he is a regular officer and the son of a regular officer; the old Conservative classes, deprived of the real power in Germany by Hitler, for the first time in centuries, look affectionately at him.

Now I opine that Goering's idea of a good peace would be an intact German Army and Air Force, a Germany still in possession of Hitler's territorial gains, and a German nation which could, once more, be told, "You were never defeated in the field."

Or, as they say in vicious circles, "As you were."

Pearl Freeman

Eileen O'Brien

Is engaged to Robert David Eastham, second son of His Honour Tom Eastham, K.C., and Mrs. Eastham, of Westcott House, Westcott, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. R. O'Brien, of Eversheds, Abinger Hammer, Surrey

Lenare

Pamela Roy Bird

Announced her engagement in October to Henry George Nelson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Nelson, of the New Hough, Stafford. She is the younger daughter of the late Ernest Roy Bird, M.P., and Mrs. Roy Bird, of 19, Thurloe Court, S.W.3

Fayer

Millicent Baron

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron, of 41, Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Her fiancé is Flt.-Lieut. Richard Maitland Longmore, son of Air Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Longmore, of Elsham House, Grantham, Lincs. His father was appointed A.O.C. Training Command, R.A.F., last July

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Palmer — Walpole

Major Joseph Eric Palmer and Lady Anne Walpole were married at St. Andrew's, Wickmere, Norfolk. He is the second son of the late Joseph Palmer, and Mrs. Palmer, of Lymm, Cheshire. She is the daughter of the late Earl of Orford and the Countess of Orford, of Rosemoor, Torrington, Devon, and cousin of Lord Walpole, of Wolterton Park, Norwich

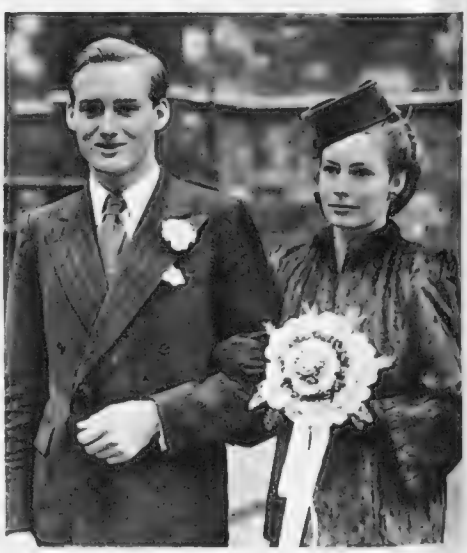
Watson — Catto

Euan Watson and the Hon. Gladys Catto were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. He is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Watson, of Chalfont Grove, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. She is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Catto, of Holmdale, Holmbury St. Mary

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Mary Douglas

Is engaged to Alister John Murray Bannerman, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. J. A. M. Bannerman, of Oxleas, Burghclere, Newbury, Berks. She is the only daughter of the late Rev. F. W. G. Douglas, and Mrs. Douglas, of Sandford Cottage, Beaminster, Dorset



Ainley — Jeans

Henry Titus (Sam) Ainley is the son of Henry Ainley, the actor, and Mrs. Ainley. Angela Jeans is the daughter of Ronald Jeans, the playwright, and Mrs. Jeans, of 40c, Palace Street, S.W.1. They were married at St. Andrew's, Westminster

Pearl Freeman

Mary Anson

Is engaged to John Anthony Dene, only son of Colonel A. P. Dene, of the Priory, Badingham, Suffolk. He is in India with his regiment, the D.C.L.I. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Anson, of Dogmersfield Park, Basingstoke, Hants.

Navana

Elizabeth Acland

Is the eldest daughter of Sir William and Lady Acland, of Barnes Wood, Welwyn, Herts., and is engaged to Simon Molloy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Molloy, of Lark Stoke, Ipsden. Her younger sister, Juliet Acland, is engaged to Peter Robert Tabor ("Bystander," Nov. 8th)

Cannons of Hollywood

Molly Harbord

Is the youngest daughter of Captain Edward Harbord and Mrs. Harbord, of Kirk Deighton Hall, Wetherby, Yorks. She has announced her engagement to John Harrison Loudoun, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Loudoun, of Roseberry, Hemstead Road, Watford, Herts.

Hoare — Scott

Graham Vincent Hoare, K.R.R.C., son of the late Major V. R. Hoare, and Mrs. Hoare, of Manor End, Berkhamsted, and nephew of Lord Hailsham, and Elizabeth Louise Gilbert Scott, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. Gilbert Scott, of Brook House, Bourne End, Bucks., and 86, Brook Street, W.1, and niece of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley St.

McNeill — Marsh

Capt. John Malcolm McNeill, R.A., only son of Brig.-General and Mrs. Angus McNeill, and Helen Barbara Christian Marsh, eldest daughter of the late Col. Cunliffe Marsh, and Mrs. Marsh, of East Keal Manor, Spilsby, Lincs., were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

Hunt — Evan-Jones

Lieut.-Com. A. H. ff. Hunt, R.N., and Dilys Mair Evan-Jones, daughter of the late E. Evan-Jones, and Mrs. Evan-Jones, and niece of Sir Alan McLean, of Littlewood, Alford, Aberdeenshire, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of the late Dr. George Hunt, of Ascot, and Mrs. Hunt, of 175, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Foley — Seddon

Flt.-Lieut. Paul Robert Foley, R.A.F., son of the late Paul Foley, of Stoke Edith, Hereford, and Mrs. Foley, of 28, Eaton Square, S.W.1, and Cecilia Margaret Seddon, only daughter of Frank Seddon, formerly of Severn House, Hampstead, and Mrs. Seddon, of 15, Chester Row, S.W.1, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Toynbee — Powell

Philip Toynbee, son of Dr. and Mrs. Arnold Toynbee, of 3, Melina Place, N.W.8, and Ganthorpe House, Terrington, Yorks., and Anne Powell, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. George Powell, of 28, Hyde Park Gardens, W.2, were married at Paddington register office

At Windsor were the Hon. J. J. Astor and Miss Jane Kenyon-Slaney. He rode in three hurdle races during the two-day meeting, but all his three horses, Larigot, Salmon Trace and Blue Shirt, were among the also-rans

A newly-married couple at Windsor were the Thomas Clydes. Their wedding took place a week earlier. She was Elizabeth Wellesley, is Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley's daughter. He is Mrs. Allan Kyle's son, and is in the Blues. There were big fields at Windsor and exceptionally large crowds in the enclosures, especially on the Saturday

At Cheltenham were Mrs. S. D. Player and Miss Sylvia Lloyd-Thomas. Mrs. Player's husband, who was also at Cheltenham, in uniform, is hunting the Craven this season whenever he gets leave. Mrs. Player was Jean Loder before her wedding last January

Jump Racing

At Windsor and Cheltenham

The most interesting war-racing picture of the week was the Windsor snapshot of Fulke Walwyn, Frank Furlong, Bruce Hobbs and T. Cullinan, all Grand National winners, and now all serving with H.M. Forces. Hobbs rode several races at the Windsor meeting. Their Grand Nationals were, respectively, 1936, Reynoldstown; 1935, Reynoldstown; 1938, Battleship; 1930, Shaun Goilin

Three war-brides who were together at Cheltenham on the first day of last week's meeting were Mrs. David Innes-Ker, Mrs. Tom Willes, Mrs. Peter Haggie. The first was Crista de Paravicini, was married last month. The second was Georgina Wakefield-Saunders before she married in September the son of Mrs. Willes, of the Manor House, Upper Slaughter, Glos. The third was Henriette Clifford, and was also married in September

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Women drivers were the subject of a recent article by our correspondent: here are two of them, in the uniform of the Auxiliary Fire Service, Driver Murray, a dress designer, and Driver Barbara Beauchamp, a novelist

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

UNDER a new order just made by the Minister of Transport, which came into force last Friday, it is now an offence to leave a car parked during the hours of black-out on the side of the road on which on-coming traffic approaches the front of it. Cars, in other words, must now be parked with their nearside against the side of the road.

This order does not apply to one-way streets, or in cases where parking arrangements already prescribed conflict with its provisions, nor does it apply to taxis and omnibuses in appointed standing places—though just why these latter exemptions should be made I admit I cannot comprehend. It is important to bear in mind that the order *does* apply to streets in which unilateral parking is the custom—i.e., parking on one side only (for the benefit of those who have not had the recognised advantages of a Board School education!).

"Provision is made in the order for the exemption, where necessary for the purpose for which the vehicles are being used, of vehicles used for fire-brigade, ambulance, police or defence purposes, and for the setting aside of its provisions in particular cases by the police." I need hardly tell you, I hope, that the foregoing sentence is exactly as it reached me from the Ministry of Transport.

CAR lighting is much in the news still, despite the widespread belief on the part of motorists (whose dauntless optimism in these matters has now become legendary) that, with the fitting of the latest officially-approved type of headlamp mask, some semblance of finality had been reached. The latest reports concern experiments with a new form of beam lighting—similar to the Leroy system used in guiding aircraft into aerodromes in fog and darkness. Apparently tests were recently carried out with this apparatus in the East End of London. It comprises twin beams which can be seen at their own elevation for a distance of some two hundred yards. As the motorist looks at them, the left-hand beam is blue, and so long as he has this in view he knows he is on the proper side of the road, but if he wanders to the right, he loses this blue beam and picks up a red one.

The Report before me does not explain what happens if he wanders to the left, but presumably he loses both beams and picks up an obituary notice!

YOU know, it must be a rollicking life to be a German. Something like two years ago, the Nazi Government announced the proposed introduction of the Volkswagen (or "people's car"). It was to be mass-produced to sell at a price, in marks, equivalent to about £78 in English currency. The German worker was encouraged to possess one of these cars for patriotic, health, cultural and economic reasons, and many employees in State concerns found that the acquisition of one had become an obligation, and that a sum was deducted from the wage-packet each month as an instalment of its purchase price.

Month after month for nearly two years these instalments mounted up, until these hapless Nazi workers found themselves in credit to the extent of something like two-thirds of the total purchase price. But no cars appeared—except a few very highly finished examples which were produced specially for the benefit of members of the motoring Press of all countries, whose inspection and trial of them was solicited. Then came the war.

First making quite certain that no member of the Gestapo was in hiding there, the German artisan would lock himself in his closet and ask himself: "What now, of mine Volkswagen? Do I

(*Concluded on page* ii)

PRESENTS FOR PRACTICALLY EVERYONE

Your Christmas parcels are probably bound for many destinations. But whether they are for men who are serving overseas or for those at home, we are brimming with comfortable, cheerful and useful ideas to put in them. If you will call in, we shall be most happy to help you in making your choice. If you are unable to call, we will send you our Christmas book, containing well over a hundred suggestions. A few of these are listed below.

When you have chosen, we will, if you wish, send your presents direct. And it will be our privilege to pay for both postage and insurance on parcels for members of His Majesty's Forces, either abroad or in Great Britain.

IDEAS UP TO 10/6

Khaki wool socks - - 2/6, 3/6, 4/6
Tenova self-supporting socks in black and navy or in attractive patterns 3/6, 4/6, 5/6
for the country 5/6; for the evening 5/6
Balaclava helmets - - 3/6 to 7/6
Service cape gloves - - - 6/6
Ties cut from English silk squares 6/6, 8/6
Folding slippers in case - - - 7/6
Hogskin gloves - - - 8/6, 10/6
Khaki lustre shirts with two collars - 10/6
'Luvisca' shirts with two collars - 10/6
Khaki slipovers - - - - 10/6
Self-coloured or marl mixture slipovers 8/-, 9/-, 11/6

IDEAS FROM 10/6 TO £1

Umbrellas - - - - 12/-, 15/6
Sac wrist Hogskin gloves - - 12/6
Leather pyjama cases - - - 13/6
Lustre pyjamas - - - - 15/6
Wool scarves in khaki, navy, and Air Force blue - - - - 15/6
Dress studs, links and buttons in case - 16/6
Collar-attached shirts in all-wool Riviera 18/-
Weatherproof gabardine golfjacs - 18/6
Scotch knit wool cardigans - - 19/6

IDEAS FROM £1 TO £2

Fitted leather dressing cases - - 25/-
Sea Island Cotton pyjamas - 25/6, 27/6
Tan cape motoring gauntlets, fur-lined 26/6
Pure Indian Cashmere slipovers - 32/6
Tan suede leather jerkins - - 38/6

IDEAS FROM £2 TO £5

Corby trouser press - - - 45/-
Canvas travel grip - - - 50/-
Striped silk pyjamas - - - 50/-
Pure Indian Cashmere cardigans - 55/-
Wool dressing gowns - 60/-, 70/-, 80/-
Harris Tweed sports coats - - 67/6

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Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* 304)

get back mine money, or do I pay no more until we have von our glorious victory?"

A week or so back, the German worker received his answer through his newspapers, thus: "Purchasers (sic!) are liable to *continue* with their monthly instalments, but the cars will not be delivered until an Order is issued by the Reich." In any case, they have nothing to worry about, the pronouncement continued, because even if they had their cars they would be unable to procure petrol for them, so what? (Or words to that effect.) No order, they were told, will be cancelled, but after careful examination of a claim, if the financial circumstances of a customer appear to warrant such action, permission may (again, sic!) be given for the monthly payments to be temporarily suspended. Oh yes, it must be a rollicking life to be a German!

HAVE you ever been irked by a fluctuating petrol-gauge? Yes, even in these days of exemplary car-instruments one sometimes encounters this particular annoyance. The car I was driving to-day had one, and it reminded me of a point which interested me very greatly in the American Automobile Association's Report on their 200-miles' stock car race, run at Langhorne last July. During practice for the race, a number of the cars "ran out of gasoline," although as much as five gallons remained in their tanks, and it took some time to ascertain the reason for this phenomenon. Ultimately it transpired that it was caused by centrifugal force on the banked track holding the fuel to the right-hand side of the tank which had its outlet on the left, as a result of which the fuel-pump was unable to suck through its fuel. The cars so affected were permitted to have outlets installed on the right-hand side of their tanks, and all was well.

I mention this because I want you to appreciate that a fluctuating petrol-gauge is not necessarily the fault of the instrument. It may well be that the petrol is surging in the tank, due to fast cornering, or because the tank is becoming empty (a frequent enough occurrence these days!), and just as at Langhorne the petrol-pumps could not function properly because the fuel was beyond their reach, so the petrol-gauge may be unable to give a true reading from a like cause.

Six miles out of Birmingham *and in mid-November this photograph was taken, proving that (1) sunshine roofs are useful all the year round in this alleged fog-bound country; (2) that there really is country six miles out of Birmingham; and (3) that owners of the economic Wolseley can still afford to visit it. The car is a "Ten" saloon*

IT has been the custom of the R.A.C. during the winter season to collect reports on weather conditions in all parts of the country for the information of members, and also for publication through the Press and the B.B.C. Such reports have dealt with conditions of fog, snow, icy roads and floods, and other items of an unusual nature such as road subsidences, fallen trees, and so forth. The R.A.C. now assures us that it will continue to issue such reports, but in view of the fact that information regarding the whereabouts and density of fog might possibly be of value to enemy aircraft, it is proposed to omit any reference to fog in all future R.A.C. weather bulletins.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* **and certify the scratch score of the course.** *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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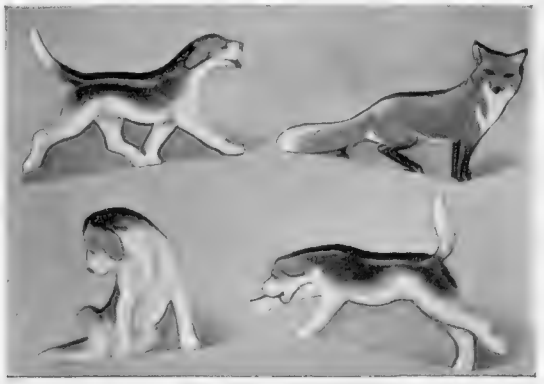

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"Yes, Hawkins. Kindly rest your shapely instep on the bottom rung while I climb up and rescue my hat."

"Certainly, Sir. Doubtless the wind blew it on the garage roof. It was somewhat blustery last night."

"Blustery? There were cyclones and tornadoes. My cousin seemed to be in charge of the proceedings. Didn't you hear him?"

"No, Sir. I must have slept through it."

"Impossible, man. Having sailed my hat round the lily pond he threw it on the roof; entirely by accident, of course."

"Indeed, Sir?"

"Yes, Hawkins. A fellow of infinite jest. A wag. In fact a confounded nuisance."

"Of course, Sir. Are those his clothes draped round the bathroom?"

"They are. You'll find him in the guest room, with a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice at his elbow."

"Very forbearing of you, Sir, if I may say so."

"Oh, I don't know. One can't have one's guests going round with hangovers. Can't stop a fella's Rose's. Might be one's own turn next."

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The Past Tense *(Cont. from page 296)*

"Too bad!" he said. "Really too bad!" Then he turned, seeking information, to the Ambassador. "Tell me," he added solemnly, "in a matter of this kind wouldn't a little more abandon, even violence, be a good thing?"

The Ambassador dropped the curtain and came back into the room.

"Very often it is," he said. "But I'm afraid not in this particular case."

"Then it's a pity, a very great pity," the Bishop observed. "I have been required to bless so many marriages in which I had so little confidence, it would have been a real pleasure to bless one like this in which I really did believe."

"You think they're made for each other, then?"

"Yes, I believe I do."

"And so do I! Don't you think we'd better do something about it?"

"Do something!"

"Yes, do something. . . . Now what would you suggest?"

The Bishop thought hard.

"Well, there's prayer!" he said rather feebly.

"Yes, there's prayer," the Ambassador drily agreed. "And there's also. . . ." He stopped short, lifting the curtain again; but at that moment there was a step outside, and he and the Bishop both scurried guiltily to their armchairs.

Johnny came crashing in. He went straight to the whisky decanter and poured himself out a stiff one. Having swallowed it, he said: "GOOD NIGHT!" fiercely and banged out of the room again. The Ambassador and the Bishop looked at each other in silence.

"There are advantages in being old," the Bishop said at length.

"Great advantages!" the Ambassador agreed. "All the same, I'm prepared to bet you a champagne dinner that Johnny and Veronica are married within six months."

"Taken!" said the Bishop quickly. "But I hope I pay for the dinner."

"You will. Don't worry about that!"

"But how in the world do you think you're going to manage it?"

The Ambassador laughed.

"Quite simple, my dear Eustace. It's just a question of the right word in the right ear at the right time. We professional diplomats may not be very highly thought of in this modern age, but I still cling to the belief that we can succeed where others have failed. The world would never have got into such a horrible mess if a lot of amateurs hadn't taken it into their heads to try to do our jobs for us."

JOHNNY and Veronica were actually married on September 27th. Johnny had no idea how it had happened and still couldn't quite believe that it was happening. The Bishop—who officiated—was equally puzzled. He had prayed that it might be brought about and hoped that that was the explanation of Veronica's sudden change of heart. But just after he pronounced them man and wife, he looked up and caught the Ambassador's eye in the pew in front of him. And the Ambassador was looking just as if he had already eaten the very excellent dinner which he owed him.

The reception was held at Lady Winthrop's country house; and the Bishop at last succeeded in finding the Ambassador, and taking him out away from the throng of guests to that same seat in the rose-garden where Johnny had proposed so unsuccessfully.

He pushed him down firmly and sat down beside him.

"Now, out with it, Charles!" he said. "Come clean! What part did you play in all this?"

The Ambassador smiled contentedly.

"All right. I'll tell you. . . . I said exactly eight words."

"Eight words!" The Bishop stared. "To Veronica?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I said them to the Duke."

"The Duke!"

"Yes—but I took good care that Veronica overheard."

There was a pause. The Bishop frowned and went on.

"I don't believe any eight words could make as much difference as that."

"No, you wouldn't think so," the Ambassador blandly agreed. "But look at it this way. For quite a number of years now various people have been saying: 'What a pity it is that lovely creature doesn't marry!' They have, haven't they?"

"Yes, that's quite true."

"And Veronica must have been hearing them say it for quite a number of years."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, then," the Ambassador went on very slowly indeed. "I just changed the phrase a little. That was all. I said: 'What a pity that exquisite creature *never married*.' . . . The past tense, my dear Eustace! You'd be surprised how it makes people stop and think."

THE END.

A Correction

In publishing pictures of Mr. J. R. B. Branson and his grass diet in our issue of November 1st, we much regret that our central caption erroneously described his outlook as "belief in God but opposition to religion." Mr. Branson vigorously contradicts the second half of our phrase. "I can give you proof," he writes, "that my philosophy is actually in itself a religion," but adds that it is "not Christian orthodoxy." He explains his beliefs in a long letter for which we regret we cannot find space. In withdrawing our statement, we offer Mr. Branson our apologies for unwittingly misrepresenting his philosophy.

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to earn their own living. Full particulars of the work may be obtained from The Secretary, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

The Church Army

AT Christmas, the Church Army has a special mission—to find out the needs of the poorest, and to do everything possible to help them join in the rejoicings. Parcels of food and good "cheer" will go to poorest homes and sick people, provision will be made for lonely old souls and gentlewomen in distress, of whom there are all too many living isolated in big cities, and there will be special festivities in various Church Army homes for men, women and children. Work among our soldiers, sailors and airmen has rapidly increased, and the spirit of Christmas will not be lacking in the Church Army's efforts for these men. The Church Army needs a great deal of help. Those who join in its Christmas work will indeed be helping to solve that problem for poorest homes: how to be warm and fed on Christmas Day.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

UNDOUBTEDLY, one outstanding effect of the war has been to arouse the nation to a fresh sense of the value of its child life. Dr. Barnardo's Homes plead the claims of destitute childhood. For seventy-four years these Homes have sought out helpless children, rescued and trained them for useful occupations. No fewer than 124,000 destitute boys and girls have been the subject of their care, and over 8250 are now in the Homes. Indeed, all through the past few months, the famous Charter of the Homes, which reads: "No destitute child ever refused admission," has been maintained.

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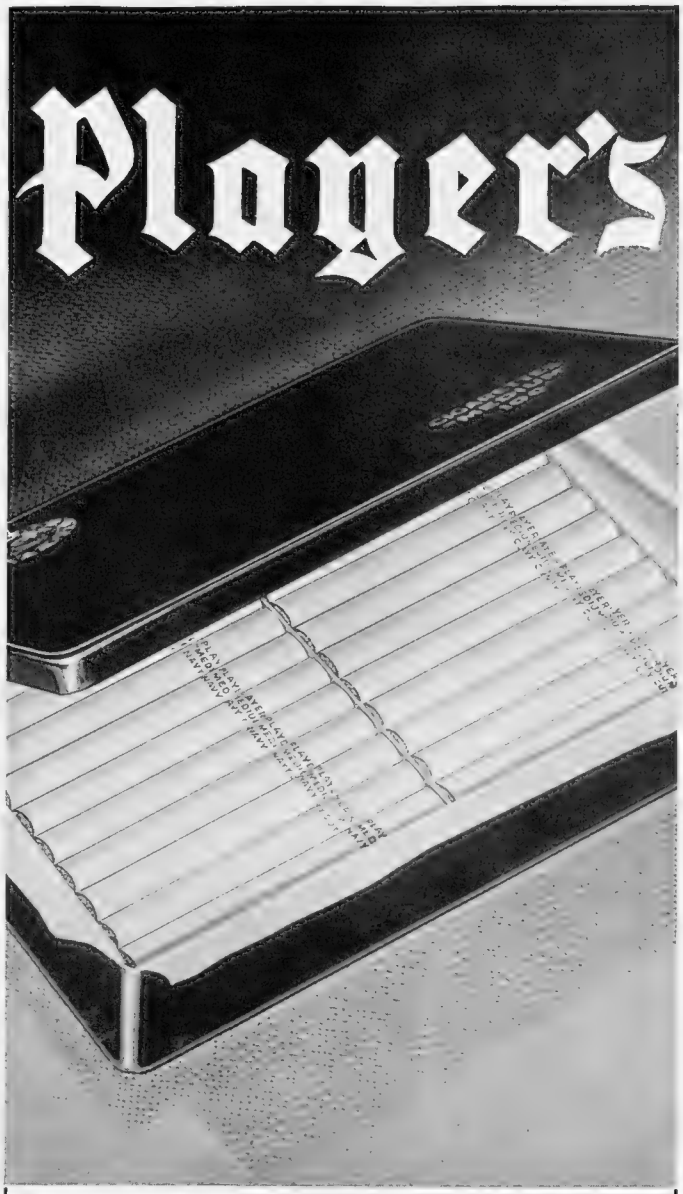

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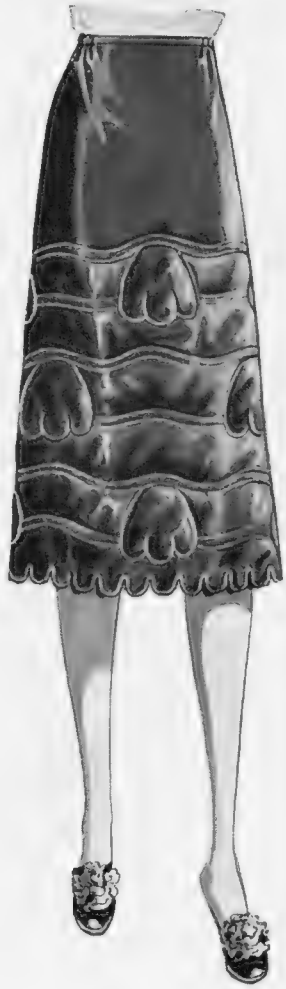

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Christmas Catalogue

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The 1939-1940 Catalogue of gifts JUST OUT

A MAN'S HOLDALL

D'you know a man who goes for it tooth and nail, and keeps his stubbly chin up? Here's marvellous Brush with a tip-top zip-top, containing everything for male toilet: tooth-paste and brush; nail-file and scissors; Gillette razor, blade and shaving cream; and comb. In finest hazel pigskin **27/6** Post free.

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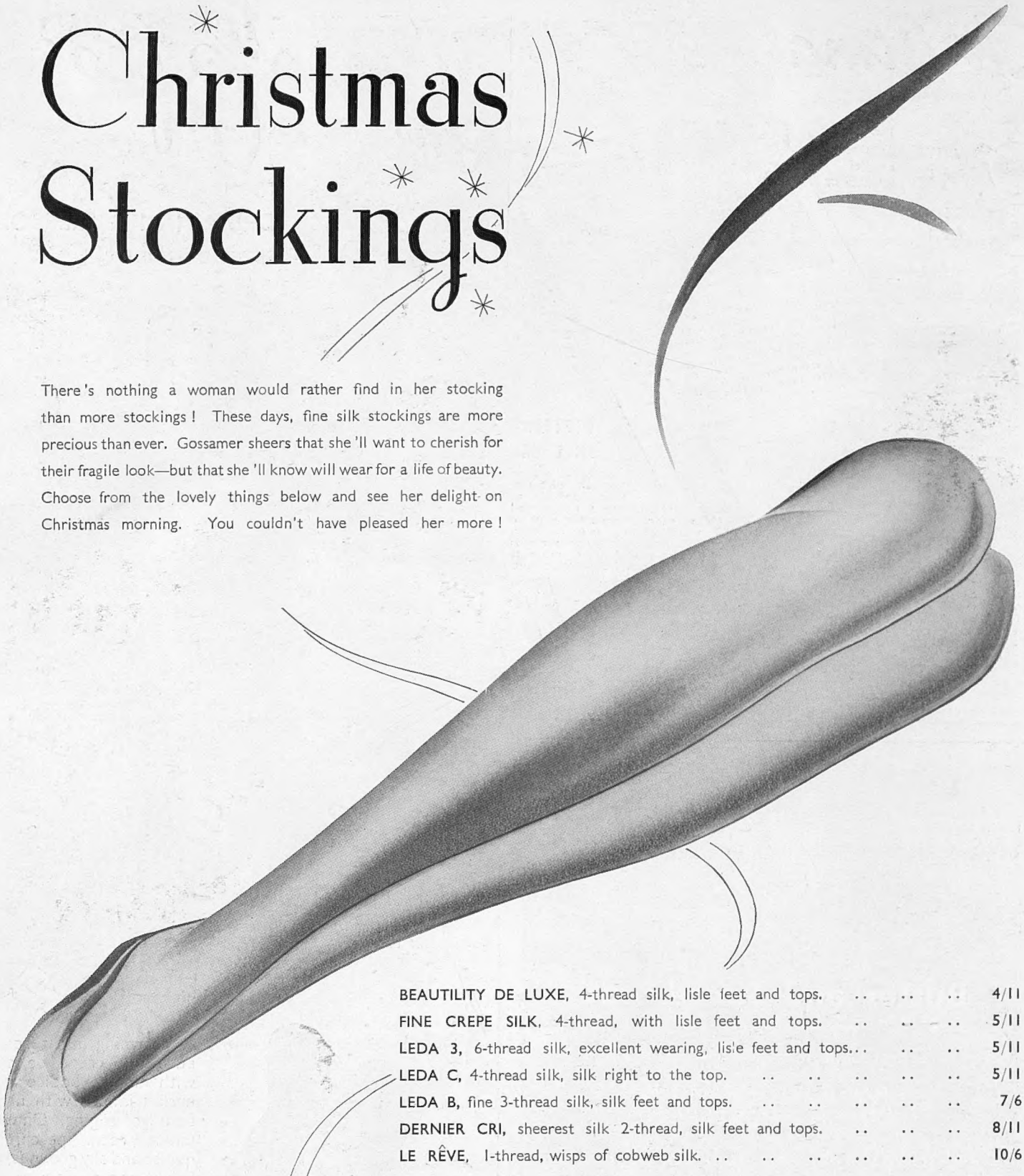

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BROKEN WINGS

By J. H. STAFFORD

" A cold wind tore the words from him and hurled them about until they were distorted and meaningless. Then she heard suddenly, clearly, words that seemed to pass straight through her like an icy blast. ' Can anybody fly?' "

IT did not need a psycho-analyst to trace Don Martin's trouble.

It began in the early sunshine of a dawn patrol on the Western Front on the twentieth of April, 1918. Don had just celebrated his twentieth birthday by adding another victory to his score, an event that was marred by the loss of two of his newest pilots.

He was a flight commander in a Sopwith "Camel" squadron at the time and was the probable choice for squadron leader. It was a time when honour and glory lay like a golden dawn before a pilot, and death sat behind. Promotions were rapid and decorations plentiful and many brilliant youngsters shot their way to prominence, carrying all before them to the grave.

Don's silver "Camel," with its emblem of crossed swords painted on the fuselage, had become almost as familiar as the all-red triplane of Richthofen. Don's amazing skill in the air, combined with a deadly accuracy of fire, had carried him to the forefront of British fighter pilots, and this at a time when the air still echoed the name of Albert Ball. . . . *You will want to read all of this fine story . . . it's in the Christmas "Britannia and Eve."*

Here are a few of the entertaining features included in the Christmas Number of "BRITANNIA and EVE"

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY
By C. Patrick Thompson
This seasoned globe-trotter tells of Christmas dinners in every part of the world . . . eaten with company whose names make news.

CARELESSNESS
By Arthur Mills
In the Secret Service carelessness is an unforgivable crime . . . Major Ferney's slip cost three lives. He would have been the fourth but for the intervention of a brave woman.

OLD TALES RE-TOLD
The Christmas Adventures of Carlo Goldoni
By Fortunino Matania, R.I.
This is one of the many adventures that occurred in the colourful life of Carlo Goldoni . . . the great Venetian playwright, and one of the greatest literary giants of all time.

GOLD BULLETS WIN WARS
By Christopher Howse
Germany has a big stock of armaments, but her gold reserves are small. The importance of gold is described in this article, which shows that economically Germany cannot withstand a long war.

GREEN BROCADE
By Lady Troubridge
An exiled princess out shopping, finds romance. But love is forced to give way to duty when powerful interests point the way.

HOME SECTION
Five beautiful pages of new and exciting Christmas Gifts. Three good-looking easy things to knit—one for the mere male . . . extra good "eats" for Christmas menus . . . all included in this interesting Home Section. In addition there are Health and Beauty Hints which will help you to solve war-time beauty troubles.

FASHIONS
By Jean Burnup
These war-time dress-needs are perfectly expressed. Here is a collection of new models, practical, yet gay, exciting and feminine.

This is the Magazine to have in the House at Christmas

NOW ON SALE, 1/-

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